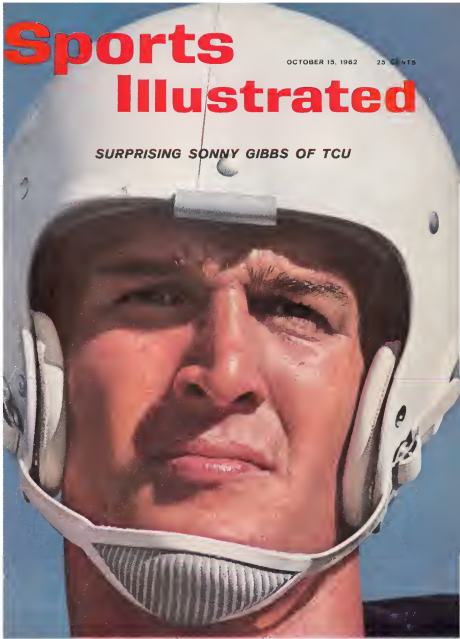


Sports

OCTOBER 15, 1962 25 CENTS

Illustrated

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Busier bee in her bonnet.



Her windows wind up. And down.



More room in her lockable boot.



All new from stem to stern



Candid advice to the gal who has accepted an invitation to ~~take~~ test ride in the new MGB for "63. If he wants to bet that your hands will stay dry, don't bet. He'll simply wind up the windows. If he says that he can easily top a 100, he's right. Don't worry. Remember, the MGB is the "Safety first" car. When he balks at letting you drive, don't argue. Let him have his fun. Just smile to yourself and enjoy all the luxurious passenger conveniences instead. After all your BMC dealer is an understanding guy. He'll be glad to arrange a test drive just for you. Warning: Once in, you won't want out.

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without buying records



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MOTOROLA

*Price and specifications subject to change without notice. Manufacturer's 90-day guarantee covers the exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal use. Labor included. Arrangements through selling dealer.

The Brown Bottle

*Why did it
make the beer
taste better?*

Today, most beer comes in brown bottles that are shaped pretty much like this one.

Fifty years ago practically all beer came in clear glass bottles. What changed things?

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The brown bottle did it and more and more people began to drink Schlitz.

Since that time most other breweries have copied the Schlitz brown bottle, but no one has ever been able to copy the taste of the good Schlitz beer inside.

How about a Schlitz?



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

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Los Angeles, Cal.; Kansas City, Mo.; Tampa, Fla.



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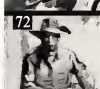
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 346 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue a year and Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in general and separate editions. Additional copies of separate editions can be ordered for at following prices: U.S. \$2.00, elsewhere \$2.15. Postage \$2.00, elsewhere \$2.15. Postage \$2.00, elsewhere \$2.15.

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SPORTS SOOTHSAYER

Richard E. Snyder, our No. 1 sporting goods economist, has surprising predictions on which sports will go up and which down in popularity and esteem

EXURBANITE ARTIST

Austin Briggs had known only benevolent and protective elk before his Idaho hunting trip. He found wild elk wild and painted a brilliant portfolio of the hunt

A RACETRACK AT DAWN

begins to stir with the curious tasks of an odd assortment of men. Gilbert Rogers chronicles the daily morning routine in Burn 8888 Belmont from 6 to 11.

Will he mow 'em down like Don Carter?



*For an attractive 75¢ by 11 inch reproduction
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The experts said he'd never make it big. His jitterbug step and bent-arm delivery were all wrong. But Don Carter knew he was right. And he proved it—by winning the biggest tournaments again and again. Today, the experts call him *great*.

Not every youngster can be a Don Carter. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less reach championship heights. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the most talented athlete.

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strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people... The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program, Equitable has prepared a special motion picture: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation" If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to interested groups in your community, contact your nearest Equitable office, or write to: James F. Oates, Jr., President, The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N. Y.

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(every inch stays neat, stays put)



#EUPORTS FIBER TRADEMARK FOR SPANDEX

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POINT OF FACT

A college football quiz to test the memory and increase the knowledge of essential facts and armchair experts

? *When were numbers first used on football jerseys?*

• Washington & Jefferson tried them in 1908, but the idea was quickly dropped and not picked up again until Amos Alonzo Stagg numbered his University of Chicago team in a game against Wisconsin in 1913. Although this identification system pleased both the press and the spectators at the time, it wasn't widely adopted by the major colleges until after World War I.

? *Walter Camp's first All-America selections were made in 1889, and for six years the players chosen on his first teams played for one of four colleges: Harvard, Princeton, Yale and Pennsylvania. Who was the first "swabber" to make Camp's top eleven?*

• Quarterback Clinton R. Wyckoff of Cornell was chosen in 1895.

? *What player was the nation's scoring leader in 1912?*

• Jim Thorpe, playing for Carlisle, made 198 points. He also scored the most touchdowns in the country that year—25.

? *Who holds the record for the most points scored in his college career?*

• Willie Heston, an All-America halfback on the University of Michigan's famous "point-a-minute" team, amassed 465 points in four seasons (1901-1904).

? *How many times have you won the Helmsman Trophy since its inception in 1935?*

• Only two. End Larry Kelley of Yale won it in 1936 and Leon Hart of Notre Dame, also an end, took the award in 1949.

? *Yale holds the record for the longest team winning streak—48 games between 1885 and 1889. What college ranks second?*

• Oklahoma came close to breaking Yale's long-standing record when it won 47 straight games between 1953 and 1957.

—MARY ANN GOULD



"Make Mine
Martin's"

The only all extra quality Scotch
(it's on the label and in the bottle)

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The "Jack Nicklaus" knit: very in, very "Orlon"

REVERE knits the great, new twosome on the green. 1962's U.S. Open Champion wears it: a supple cardigan with the look and feel of alpaca and a coordinated sweater shirt in jersey. Both of 100% "Orlon"™ acrylic, comfortable as the breeze at the 18th hole. And their shape doesn't change in the washing or the wearing. (Whoever heard of blocking a knit of "Orlon"?) "Jack Nicklaus" golf set: 5-button, piped cardigan, about \$12.95; sweater shirt, about \$6.95. Smoke, blue, red, black, green, taupe, navy, charcoal, white. At fine stores.

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We made these boxers in high-count combed cotton broadcloth. Feels great next to you. Washes like a whizz.

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SCORECARD

A FRAGMENT OF HONOR

One of the few local cries of sanity to rise above the terror at the University of Mississippi last week came from a football player. At a peak of the rioting the Rebels' fullback, Buck Randall, leaped in front of a mob of jeering racists, many of them students, near the school's administration building. What he said might not qualify him for NAACP membership, but it made him a rare and courageous bird among Mississippi's natives last week.

"Listen, you guys," Randall hollered. "There's a marshal in there shot in the neck. I was there and saw him. You got to cut it out. It's not worth it, getting a bunch of white boys shot over this. Let's go back to class and work it out some other way. I'm appealing to you!"

Without waiting for a reaction, Randall sprinted through the tear gas to a mound where a Confederate flag had been placed and another section of the mob had gathered. He scrambled to the top and shouted for attention. A rioter stepped forward and asked angrily: "What do you want to say, Buck?" Randall looked at him defiantly and replied: "Listen, you . . . ! You get back in that bunch or I'll whup you right here."

The questioner retreated and the gang around the mound went silent. Randall repeated his appeal, and the students—jolted by the news that a man had been shot—began to drift away. Not many, alas, heard Randall's plea and not all who did heeded them. But it could be said that on the most disgraceful night in the university's history a member of the football team, which has always been Ole Miss's greatest pride, had saved a tiny fragment of her honor.

THE MAIN EVENT

As editors constantly confronted with the problem of what to print in limited space, we appreciate the headaches that the editors of Scribner's newly published one-volume *Concise Dictionary of American History* must have suffered. That is a lot of subject matter to be packed into 1,168 pages. Bearing all this in

mind, and considering the fact that the editors put Abner Doubleday in his proper place as the man who never invented baseball, we can even forgive them for omitting any mention of the game of golf. What we find hard to forgive is Editor Wayne Andrews' choice of words in explaining this omission. "We can't include everything," he said in a recent interview, "so we did pieces on the main sports, but left out golf."

The italics are ours.

BESTSELLER

At the moment Bobby Fischer, the chess player, seems well on his way to becoming one of the world's most widely read authors, with his words now circulating in Dutch, Spanish, Swedish, German and (in a partial and garbled form) in Russian. This week his spirited prose is being translated into Icelandic. All this international ferment arises from the brief statement Bobby recently contributed to this magazine (SI, August 20). In it Bobby said he was not going to play in any future tournaments to determine the challenger for the chess championship of the world: the setup was such that only a Russian would be permitted to emerge as Champion Mikhail Botvinnik's challenger.

The nub of Bobby's argument was that the Soviet players operate as a team against Western players, who play as individuals. In Curaçao last summer the four leading Russians drew virtually all their games with each other, often after only 14 or 15 moves. With a majority of the players in the finals, they could, if necessary, throw their games to the strongest Russian to keep a player from another country from winning.

A chess magazine in The Netherlands reprinted Fischer's article. So did a popular magazine in Germany and a Swedish periodical. In Iceland the local Communist party launched a violent attack on Bobby, and the resulting controversy finally led to demands that his original article appear in the non-Communist press. It was reprinted in the European edition of LIFE and in LIFE EN ESPAÑOL,

then was read over Radio Free Europe.

Last month the *Fédération Internationale des Echecs*, the governing body of international chess, announced new rules for the challengers' tournaments. Hereafter there can be no draws until the players have made at least 30 moves. And quarter-finals, semifinals and a final 12-game match between the two leaders is to replace the round-robin system that resulted in the scandal in Curaçao. The complicated zonal system that insures a preponderance of Russians at the challengers' tournament was left unchanged, so the conditions that Bobby complained about are not necessarily ended, but the reform is at least in the right direction. In a full-dress attack *l'Espresso* called Bobby a quarrelsome, bad-tempered child, but no Russian newspaper has yet told its readers what Bobby said.

DREAM CAR

The Dodgers didn't quite make it to New York last week, but another batch of Angelinos did. The batch: hot-rod enthusiasts, led by Ed Roth, the Crazy Painter, car customizer extraordinary and creator of the Weirdest shirt (SI cover, April 24, 1961). The occasion was New



York's first National Hot Rod & Custom Car Show. For four days capacity crowds of kids gaped and gasped at the far-out machines assembled in the Coliseum. Some of the goodies:

- 1) Roth's Ro-Tar, an air car powered by propellers mounted on two Triumph motorcycle engines. "There is a remote possibility," Roth said, "that this will be the first car to reach the moon."
- 2) The Hairy Canary, George Barris' customized 1963 Thunderbird. The Canary has a "lime chrome star flake" paint job and an interior done in lime-gold broadcloth and Angora fur.
- 3) The Bobby Darin Dream Car, a

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

hand-shaped \$150,000 creation with an aluminum body topped by 30 coats of "Rustic Pearl" paint containing an infusion of diamond dust from Sweden. Owner Andy DuDua of Detroit took seven years to build this one. "I own it, I let Darin use it," says DuDua, a short, trim man with a pencil-thin mustache. "I design men's clothing for entertainers. Names I don't want to bring out."

New Yorkers held their own. Bob Carducci of Brooklyn opposed the Bobby Darin Dream Car with his Fabian Continental—a 1948 Chevrolet featuring a red-and-white phone next to the steering wheel, a 45 rpm phonograph in the front seat, a bar in the rear seat and a TV set in the trunk. Chester Landau of Long Island had "a real eyeball-grabber" in his gold 1960 BMW motorcycle. Billed as "rebuilt from a total wreck" by Ghost Motorcycle Sales, the machine was designed to resemble an improbable alligator. Before the show opened, Landau, wearing gold leather jacket, gold pants and gold crash helmet, tooted into town by way of Greenwich Village. "Within 20 minutes," he said proudly, "I attracted a crowd of 3,000, bottled up a main intersection, got \$120 worth of parking tickets and a warning from the police commissioner or somebody about meeting a riot."

50 BUCKS PER BOO

Not long ago the New York State Legislature pondered a bill that would have forbidden any visual (like television) entertainment medium to picture any national, racial or religious group in a criminal or otherwise unfavorable light. Nicknamed The Untouchables Law, the bill never did pass but now another legislative body, this time The Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is preparing to vote a bill that would impose a \$50 fine on anyone directing abusive language at a participant in a sporting event.

This, we submit, is too much. When a Patterson folds in the first round, is he not a bum? And a Stan Williams, when he walks in the run that costs Los Angeles a pennant, is he not a f&t!/*!!, to say the least?

GAME BOOM IN UGANDA

An experiment in government control of safaris, inaugurated this year by the Uganda government, has broken neighboring Kenya's monopoly on this prof-

itable African trade. Uganda Wildlife Development Ltd., a subsidiary of the government, is now offering cut-rate 21-day safaris for \$2,300, including round-trip jet fare from New York, comfortable accommodations, meals, guns, professional white hunters and even fishing for huge Nile perch and tiger fish. And, to the chagrin of Kenya's safari outfitters, who have been serving some 600 hunters annually for \$6,000 to \$7,000 each, Uganda's safari bargain is shaping up as a success.

Uganda, which became an independent country this week, never had done much to stop poachers from slaughtering its game herds, and it had done even less to educate its *swaggers*, who consider game animals nuisances that menace or compete with their vast herds of cattle and goats. But last year Ernest Juer, an English businessman, went to Uganda to hunt. He was appalled by the lack of control over game herds. Spurred on by Uganda's chief game warden, J. H. Blower, Juer convinced the government that carefully controlled "economy safaris" would conserve wildlife and still make it pay its way as a local industry.

Thus far scores of hunters have responded. Most have been satisfied, although, as Juer points out, the lazy hunter who expects to be driven everywhere in a Land Rover to slaughter large numbers of game isn't happy—or welcome—in Uganda. The country, he said, wants "the less wealthy, more energetic men—the kind of men who relish stalking through the bush for 10 miles after a good trophy."

THE CHARGERS BUFFALOED

Quarterback Jack Kemp, who led the San Diego Chargers to two straight Western Division titles in the American Football League, was told last week that he is now quarterback for the Buffalo Bills. This is equivalent to the Green Bay Packers gift-wrapping Bart Starr for the Chicago Bears. It would not be surprising to learn, therefore, that the deal cost Buffalo \$100,000. The deal cost Buffalo \$100. The deal was not a deal at all. It was a horrible accident.

It all came about because San Diego Coach-General Manager Sid Gillman put Kemp on waivers before a game two weeks ago. A broken finger had left Kemp unable to play. When a player is put on waivers another team can buy him for \$100, but Gillman's move appeared safe enough because a club has the right to withdraw a player from the

continued



**WORLD'S
MOST
ADVANCED
WATCH**

Clockwise from top: Seville, \$160; Trite II, \$129; Tourist, \$139; Vantage, \$110; Deep Jack, \$19.95 (\$75 with strap). Prices plus tax.

In the sphere of Electric watches, the new Hamilton 505 is a world apart.

More styles, more prices, more experience than any other Electric.

Remarkably accurate, it runs up to two years on a replaceable energy cell.

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THE ECONOMICAL NEWPORT

waiver list twice. Planning to withdraw Kemp from waivers right after the game, Gillman put reserve Quarterback Duck Wood on the active list in Kemp's place.

Alas, Gillman forgot another league rule: a team asking waivers on a player cannot recall him if it has a full roster for that game. Everyone else remembered. Three clubs pounced on Kemp. Buffalo won him by a coin toss.

Feeling buffaloed, the dazed Kemp said he would not leave San Diego. Bills officials replied that if he didn't they would put him on the reserve list and cut off his \$1,200 a week salary.

Next week San Diego plays at Buffalo. Kemp will be at quarterback—for the home team.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Singer-Golfer Don Cherry, three-time member of the U.S. Walker Cup team, has applied for PGA membership and will combine careers in singing and professional golf.

- Virginia Tech, building a \$10 million, 40,000-seat stadium, will bid for Atlantic Coast Conference membership.

- San Diego baseball men believe their city will have a National League team within two years (possibly Cincinnati) to exploit the potential of a San Francisco-Los Angeles-San Diego rivalry.

STRICTLY

In his college days Fidel Castro was a baseball player, pitching for the University of Havana. This is fairly well known but until the other day professional evaluation of him was not available. Now a succinct and revealing summation of the form on Castro has turned up in the files of the late Joe Cambria, veteran baseball talent scout. Cambria on Castro: "Fair fast ball, good control, no curve ball. Strictly Class D material."

THEY SAID IT

- Frank Howard, Clemson football coach: "Georgia Tech is the kind of football team that won't hit you hard enough to keep you from going to a dance after the game, but they'll beat you. North Carolina State is the kind of team that will hit you so hard you'll have to stay in bed two days, but you can beat them."
- Willie Mays, on living alone: "I didn't eat breakfast this morning. Why? Number one, I ain't got a maid. Number two, I ain't got a wife anymore, and number three, I can't cook."

END

A WORD OF ASSURANCE TO SMOKERS OF FINE HAVANA CIGARS



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THE PITCHERS STAND AND FIGHT

It figured to be a case of swat vs. swat. Instead, the Series developed into a contest between two suddenly brilliant pitching staffs **by ROY TERRELL**

Through six months and 327 ball games, it seemed unlikely that the collective pitching staffs of the New York Yankees and the San Francisco Giants were in any danger of being inducted into the Hall of Fame en masse. Neither team reached the World Series on pitching, but on crash. The Giants led the National League in batting and home runs, the Yankees led the American League in batting and were second in homers. Willie Mays won a championship, Mickey Mantle narrowly missed another. The Yankees had three regulars over .300, the Giants four. So what happened in the Series? Somebody took the rabbit out of the ball and put spaghetti in the bats. The names of the scondrels were Ford, Sanford, Terry, Stafford, Pierce and Marichal.

Some of them won and some of them lost but seldom, if ever, has a World Series begun with such superb all-round work from the mound. After three games the Yankees were hitting .202 as a team, with one home run, the Giants .213 with two. Inevitably such futile swatting had to end, but even when it did, in the fourth game, it was because both starting pitchers had been replaced—due to circumstance, not weakness.

The fourth game began with Juan Marichal, considered by some the finest young pitcher in the National League, attempting to even the Series at two games apiece at the expense of Edward Charles Ford, considered by almost everyone the finest middle-aged pitcher south of Cooperstown. For four innings the Yankees could do nothing with

Marichal and trailed 2-0 as a result of Catcher Tom Haller's two-run homer in the second. But then Ford solved the problem himself.

In the top of the fifth he threw a pitch that Marichal, trying to bunt, misjudged. The ball hit Marichal on the pitching hand, smashing his index finger, and the young right-hander was through. The Yankees tied the score in the sixth, and Ford departed, too, for a pinch hitter. The pitching replacements available to Manager Ralph Houk were all Giant cousins.

The big Giant effort was delivered by young Chuck Hiller with two out and the bases loaded in the seventh inning. Two innings before, Hiller had struck out with the bases full. This time he swung lustily at a Marshall Bridges fast ball that promptly landed in the lap of a New York restaurant owner named Cappy Roselli sitting up front in the right-field stands. This was the first World Series grand slam home run ever hit by a National Leaguer. Six of the previous seven were hit by Yankees.

"Mah fast ball usely runs in on a left-handed," said Bridges. "This one forgot to run." In a most unusual Series, it was one of the few pitches that didn't go where it was aimed.

Ford won the opener by a score of *continued*

All the strain and anxiety of pressure pitching shows on the face of Whitey Ford, who kept alive his record as the best pitcher in World Series history.

Photograph by Ned Lutter



6-2 over Billy O'Dell, who had started only once and relieved only once in the previous four days as the Giants scrambled frantically past the Dodgers to the National League pennant. He was, therefore, the most rested—or least unrested—member of Alvin Dark's pitching staff. But O'Dell was tired and he

knew it. So did Manager Dark, but there was nothing he could do about it. And so did the Yankees—although it took them seven innings to cash in on the fact.

They led, briefly, 2-0 on Roger Maris' first-inning double that was a home run until Felipe Alou climbed up the right-field fence and pulled it back into the field of play (see page 20). But the

Giants pecked away at Ford for a run in the second inning on three hits, the last of these a deftly executed bunt by Jose Pagan with Willie Mays on third. "I see third baseman play left field," said Pagan, "so I surprise them. I surprise pitcher, too, no?"

The Giants tied it up in the third when Mays drove in a run with a clout into center field. In fact, for a while



the ball game seemed to be shaping up as a duel between Ford and Mays. Wondrous Willie got three hits, one of them a viciously hooking ground ball through shortstop that Tony Kubek called "the hardest I have ever seen." Tony started toward his left, ended up reaching, in vain, toward his right as the ball shot past. "I thought you played that one beautifully," Bobby

Richardson told Kubek later. "You managed not to get hit by it." Although Mays won the battle, it was Ford who won the war. He stopped the Giants after the third inning on four scattered singles, one by Mays, and even struck Willie out on a good fast ball right across the letters his fourth time up. When Mays trotted to the bench, Ford had to grin.

One reason for the grin was that the Yankees had put him back in the lead in the seventh on Clete Boyer's lead-off homer to left. They scored three more runs against O'Dell, Don Larsen and Stu Miller in the eighth and ninth innings. Whaley's record World Series scoreless streak ended at 33½ innings when Mays crossed the plate, an event that hardly left Ford in tears. "I'm glad it's over. That thing was beginning to bug me," he said.

Ford pitched well but no better than Ralph Terry on Friday. The only trouble was that Terry ran into Jack Sanford on what Sanford later evaluated as his greatest day. The Boston Irishman, who once worked as a chauffeur for Lou Perini of the Braves and spent seven years rattling around the minor leagues, went into the game with 24 National League victories, a bad cold and only two days' rest. He came out of the game with a cold and a magnificent three-hitter for his first World Series win. "The cold didn't bother me," he said between snuffles. "What did I do for it? I just blew my nose. But, man, was I nervous. About like I felt in my first game as a rookie. But I knew I had one thing in my favor. They wouldn't send me down to the minors this time, even if I lost."

Sanford was never in danger of losing—until the final out. The Giants scored a run in the first on Chuck Hiller's double, a sacrifice by Felipe Alou and Matty Alou's grounder to second base. In the seventh Willie McCovey hit a baseball that soared up into the wind over Candlestick Park's right field, somehow missed the helicopters and light planes that circled overhead all day, and finally fell to earth well beyond the fence, where Maris was watching in some disapproval.

"Ever hit one further?" Willie was asked in the locker room after the game.

"Yep," said McCovey.

Maris had a chance to tie it up in the ninth after Mantle doubled. But Dark overshifted his infield to the right side, using Pagan, Hiller and Orlando Cepeda between first and second base. "Every ball I had seen Maris hit was to the right side," said Dark. "Maybe he'll

continued



The Giants' Jack Sanford mixed a sharp curve, a hopping fast ball and one of baseball's great glowers to fashion a shutout in the second game.

hit 20 to the left tomorrow, but until he does we'll shift on him every time the Yankees need the long ball." Whether Alvin Dark is or is not a genius, he certainly earned a gold star. Maris sent a sizzling ground ball to the right of Cepeda for what would normally have been a single into right. The ball was hit so hard that Hiller didn't have much chance to move, but he didn't need to move far. He leaned over, plucked it off the ground and threw Maris out. The game was over, and Ralph Terry, with a two-batter of his own working for six innings, could only shrug it off. As for Ralph Houk of the Yankees, he sat in his locker for a long time after the game, puffed on his cigar, grinned philosophically and mentally stuck pins in a Giant doll.

An arm and a shin

The pins had less to do with what happened on Sunday than Bill Stafford's right arm and left shin. For 6½ innings, Stafford and Billy Pierce hooked up in a pitching contest that permitted a total of only three hits. Stafford walked two Giants in the first inning, then shut off the threat without a run and gave up only a harmless double to Jim Davenport and nothing more until the eighth. His good fast ball was sizzling and along with it he threw more curves and changeups than usual, keeping the Giants off balance, forcing them to hit the ball softly into the air or weakly along the ground.

Through six innings Pierce kept pace, stifling the Yankees on his big left-handed curve as he had back in the days when he pitched regularly in their league and won 189 games. But the Yankees, held to two hits this time, finally broke loose. Tom Tresh, leading off the seventh inning, singled, Mantle singled and when the ball took a high hop off Felipe Alou's glove, Tresh went to third and Mantle to second. This left first base open but, after a conference, Pierce and Dark decided not to walk Maris intentionally.

"I wasn't going to give him anything good," said Pierce. "I was going to throw him four balls outside, if he hit at them, fine, if not, that was O.K., too. I didn't mind walking him but I didn't want to give him anything good to hit. So what did I do? I put one pitch right over the plate." Maris drove it into right field, scoring Tresh and Mantle

and went to second base when McCovey bobbled the ball. He raced to third on Elston Howard's fly ball to center, beating a throw from Mays. He remained there when Moose Skowron was hit by a pitch. And he scored on a double-play ball that was bobbled, momentarily, by Chuck Hiller. The famed Yankee luck had returned to normal, which means for the better, and the three runs meant the ball game.

Stafford had to do more than pitch in the Giant half of the eighth. Pagan led off with a single and was forced by Pinch Hitter Matty Alou. Then a ball came rifling back at Stafford off the bat of Felipe Alou. It smashed into his left shin and bounced 15 feet in front of the mound. Stafford pounced like a cat, threw to first base to beat Alou by a stride and then sat down. The Yankee trainer ran out, followed by Houk. Teammates gathered around. They supplied smelling salts and sympathy and advice, but the thing that brought Stafford back to his feet was his own stubborn, cocky pride. He grabbed the ball, waved everyone aside and threw two violent, testing pitches to the plate. Then he motioned to plate Umpire Stan Landes to get the game going again and made Chuck Hiller ground out to second base.

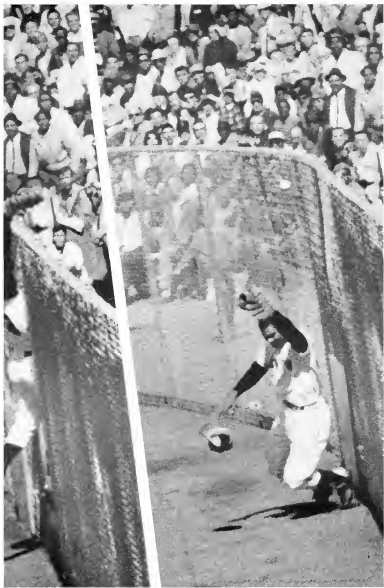
The Giants finally scored off Stafford with two out in the ninth. Mays banged a double down the left-field line leading off the inning, and three batters later Ed Busley hit a fast ball hard enough to beat Maris to the short right-field seats. It was clear that Stafford's leg was hurting; he was limping after each pitch. But after Busley's home run, he had to throw only a few more pitches. The last of these went into the hands of Tom Tresh in left field for the final out.

"Did I consider taking him out?" said Ralph Houk. "No. There wasn't any blood showing, was there?" Then he grinned. "I really was worried," he admitted, "but how could you take out a boy who was pitching a great game in the World Series like that?" How indeed? Especially in a pitchers' World Series like this one.

END

In a play seen clearly by hardly anybody at Candlestick Park (and by nobody on television), the Giants' Felipe Alou converts a Roger Maris home run into a double in the first game.







POOR JACK—HIS HORSE RAN OUT

Jack Price was a smash hit in Paris. So was Carry Back until Europe's richest race was actually run. He finished 10th, but Jack still thinks he's the best and has issued a challenge by WHITNEY TOWER

They cheered him in the jam-packed walking ring. They cheered him under a beautiful cloudless sky as he walked proudly in front of more than 50,000 horseplayers in the post parade. And they cheered him as he cantered boldly off, his jockey tagging furiously to keep him from running away when the majestic field of 24 runners made its way down to the old mill that is the starting point at Longchamp for the mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest and most important race.

But at the finish there were no more cheers for Carry Back, the American champion who was attempting to add to his record the title of world champion. There he was, running on the outside as usual, his long tail flying straight out behind and his neck thrust forward, his belly low to the ground. He was trying his best, as he always does. There was but one discordant note in this glorious scene: Carry Back was the 10th horse across the finish line. Behind him came 13 more.

While Carry Back was struggling to be 10th—he had gone off at odds of 11 to 2—the rich race was being won by a length by a 40-to-1 shot named Solitoff, who until exactly a year before the Arc had never won a race of any description. Second and third, separated only by a neck, were the filly Monade (at 19 to 1) and the French Derby winner, Val de Lour. Fourth was another 3-year-old with the delightful name of Snob, while favored Match, fifth in the Arc a year ago, was

fifth again. The other favorites were Misti, who was seventh, and the English challenger, Aurelius, who came in 15th.

The winner ran an admirable race, but the story of the 41st Arc revolved around Carry Back, his owner-trainer Jack Price and his curiously uninterested Australian jockey, Scoobie Bressley. The latter, having worked him, and disappointingly at that, the previous week, had not been very encouraging about Carry Back's chances when he reached Paris the night before the race. He begged off dining with the Prices and turned down an invitation to walk the course Sunday morning. "I won this race once," Scoobie told Price, "and I know what it's all about."

Before saddling up, Price gave Bressley the obvious instructions: "Try to keep in a good position near the leaders, stay out of trouble by going to the outside when in doubt and let this horse really run when you get midway down the hill at the end of the mile." Visiting former jockey Eddie Arcaro tried to jack up Bressley's confidence by telling him that if Carry Back could beat Kelso he must be one hell of a horse. Then he joked, "The only way you can lose this race is if you ride him as badly as you rode Ballymoss at Laurel." (In that catastrophe, in the 1958 Laurel International, Scoobie went looking for traffic trouble like a sailor seeking sin in Singapore; despite his atrocious ride, Ballymoss, who had won the Arc that year, came on in the stretch to finish third.)

At the start of this Arc it looked as though Bressley had mended his ways. He and Carry Back actually were among the first three to leave the webbed barrier. They broke from post position 21, and it was as per-

fect a start as you could ask for. But, alas, the picture did not remain perfect for long. Later Bressley said that Carry Back instinctively took himself back. To Price and Arcaro, atop the stands, it appeared that Bressley got a choking hold on him and took him back. It was plain that Carry Back was so far back after the first three furlongs that he was virtually eliminated from all contention. Whereas at the start he was in the first three, suddenly he had only three horses beaten.

"I felt I would have more chance going inside at this point," said Bressley afterward, "but I knew that Mr. Price had his doubts about the inside and therefore I went to the extreme outside at the top of the hill as we turned down it. The result was that as the course narrowed, the bunched field pushed me to the extreme outer edge and, of course, we were losing ground with every stride."

"What he means," said a perturbed Price later as he cooled out at the Hôtel de Crillon bar, "is that he is trying to make excuses for having goofed it so badly after the start. He could have been laying fourth or fifth turning down the hill. Then he could have been on the outside and made his move without losing all that ground. But the way he came into the hill, with horses starting to fan out in front of him, he probably had to go around 10 horses. He lost 15 lengths there—half again as much as the distance by which he lost the whole race."

Fault or no fault, Bressley and Carry Back did make a noticeable move down the hill. Skirting the field Carry Back appeared momentarily to be flying in the old familiar Derby and Preakness style. But when he got to the bottom and was turning for the run home, he had come to the end of the line. Carry Back had

continued

Photographs by Jerry Collier

Mugging for camera after Paris nightclub performer stole his tie as a gag, Price offers this woebegone expression. He looked the same way after the running of the Arc.

run a mile-and-a-quarter race, but unfortunately there was still a quarter of a mile to go. He came on bravely. About where an eighth pole should have been, he was very nearly last and then ran by beaten horses in the last few yards.

Despite the defeat, Jack Price is still convinced that he has the best horse in the world. In order to prove it he quickly laid down an open challenge to meet the first four Are finishers within the next two weeks at the same distance, again at Longchamp. "If all of us put up \$25,000 for a winner-take-all purse that would be fine by me," Price said. "Next time I'd like to use Sellwood [Jockey Neville Sellwood]. I could throw a 130-pound bag of feed up on Carry Back and he'd do as well as he did under Bressley."

Bressley was more tactful in his post-race comments: "I think Carry Back is a very nice mile-and-a-quarter horse, and if he wins at a mile and a half it is not going to be in top company." This, of course, had been the opinion of many Carry Back observers long before Price decided to take him to France. Pace was to have been a determining factor in this race. And indeed it was, but the way it worked out it was hardly to Carry Back's advantage. For example, while Bressley was taking Carry Back to the rear of the pack at the beginning, the leaders were running the first quarter in 28 seconds. They ran the final six furlongs in 1:10½, and the final time of 2:30½ was the fastest. Are ever. It becomes obvious that no stretch runner on earth can afford to let his field dawdle through a snail's-pace first quarter, lose ground all the way

when the real running starts and then hope to make up 15 or more lengths in the last quarter. It can't be done by Carry Back or any other horse.

When it was all over Sunday night, Jack and Katherine Price were not really upset. "It was a horse race, and we've lost them before," said Katherine. "We lost our money [some \$15,300 for the trip] on the gamble," said Jack, "but at the same time we did prove that it is feasible for an American horse to come over and run in this sort of race. The trouble is that there were a dozen or so horses in there with no right to start." The trouble is, also, that if you had tried to eliminate horses with no right to start you would have taken out the 40-to-1-shot winner. As even Price had to admit as he stood outside Longchamp, grin and all, with his upturned bowler



During the early, happy part of last week, Price went shopping for a hat at famed Bertell (Le Chapelier de Paris). In half an

hour he bought two, the tweed number (above left) and the bowler, which he wore to the race. A fancy shooting stick

jokingly held out to accept tips from the crowd, that's just what horse racing is all about. "The trip has been fun," he said, "and we'd do it again anytime."

It had been fun, indeed, until the race. Price's enthusiasm for his horse became wildly infectious in cosmopolitan Paris. As this little man moved among the sophisticates, dispensing ad lib bon mots with the aplomb of a modern *Passepartout*, the Carry Back-Jack Price fan club grew almost overnight to the proportions of a new political party. If Carry Back had many disadvantages on this invasion, Price considered that he and Katherine really only had one. "We should have taken a 25-hour crash course in French," he complained while trying to get a point over to a foreign reporter. But, speaking in English (the only French he actually mastered was "ham

and eggs," which he pronounced *sim-bone* and *oofs*), Price made his points and made himself a hit.

He brought along a movie of Carry Back's winning races and showed it to the press and racing officials at a Jockey Club reception. He showed it also in the gilt, chandelier-draped saloon at the *Cercle Interallié*, where more than 100 members of the American Club of Paris gather every Thursday to lunch and listen to distinguished American guest speakers. On the Thursday before Price made his appearance the members had listened to the retiring U.S. Ambassador to France, James M. Gavin. Jack Price gave them a talk on horses, undoubtedly not the text of such former speakers as Eleanor Roosevelt, Senator Estes Kefauver and John F. Kennedy. Price's effect on this kind of gathering is remarkable. One

old gaffer, who admitted he thought Man o' War was a trotter, made immediate plans to attend the Arc. Others, including many employees of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, got up a pool on the race, the first time that had happened. By post time Sunday it was evident that this French classic would be witnessed by more Americans than had ever before been aware of the sport in Paris.

It also was apparent that a Carry Back victory would do more for the cause of international racing than all the involved and futile round-table conferences. Well, he didn't win. But somehow international racing found itself advanced. So did some other international-type items, like goodwill—between France and the U.S., at least, if not between the U.S. and Australia.

END



and scarf brought Jack's bill to \$150. What looks like an infernal head-shrinker (right) is just a gadget for testing hat size.



A BLOKES' DUEL AT WATKINS GLEN

Front runners Graham Hill and Jimmy Clark, battling for the world driving championship, met at Watkins Glen last week, and the results pleased the automakers by KENNETH RUDEEN

To a dedicated minority of American sports followers, the week's major event was not the World Series or pro or college football but an automobile race in upstate New York. Citizens aloof to the artistry of Mantle and Mays and booming halfbacks booked lodgings as far as 90 miles away—and well in advance, too—just to be somewhere, anywhere, within range of Watkins Glen for last Sunday's U.S. Grand Prix, where a couple of blokes named Graham Hill and Jimmy Clark were to duel in swift little British racers for the world driving championship.

Americans who have never vibrated to the sweet thunder of single-seater, open-wheeled Grand Prix road racing cars might well ask, "Who in blazes are Hill and Clark, and why should I want to know?" The two happen to be master craftsmen in one of the most demanding and dangerous of sports. As practice began at the Glen last Friday they were tuning up for the performances of their lives, England's Hill, tall, broad-shouldered and sporting a luxuriant mustache beneath his hawk nose, was the solid favorite to succeed America's own Phil Hill (they are not related) as champion. But if the tousled-haired, buoyant little Scotsman, Jimmy Clark, could win the Glen and then take the year's last race in South Africa on December 29, he would capture the title. All other drivers had been mathematically eliminated from the hunt.

But much more than the individual championship was at stake. By winning for British Racing Motors, Graham

Hill could expunge a decade of BRM futility. A car once so poor that a cartoonist sketched it being dropped mercilessly into the sea from an airplane, the BRM has cost more than £1 million over the years. It has long been financed by the Owen Organisation, a British industrial combination headed by Sir Alfred Owen.

"Sir Alfred called me in last April," said Tony Rudd, BRM's chief engineer, "and put me in sole charge. He said, 'It's yours. Get on with it.' He also said that if we did not win at least two world championship races within six months we would stop racing, period. Sir Alfred is an impressive figure of a man. He can be rather emphatic. He *was* emphatic. We purged BRM from top to bottom."

Rudd's technicians built a whale of a car, powered by BRM's own new V-8 engine, and Graham Hill won not two but three Grand Prix races while building up his championship point lead in a long, tense summer.

However, a Watkins Glen victory by Clark in a Climax-engined V-8 Lotus would sustain Lotus' hopes. A year-end Lotus triumph in South Africa not only would crown Clark, deflate Hill and sadden BRM but also would elevate Colin Chapman, the dashing young technical wizard who builds the Lotus, to the world supremacy so long and ardently sought by his home country rivals. And, as the BRM people were grimly aware, the Lotus was inherently the faster car, although it had often been proved somewhat fragile.

Some drivers are obsessive; they cannot kick the racing

continued

HUDDLED DEEP IN COCKPIT OF NEW BRM, PRESENT WORLD LEADER GRAHAM HILL DRIVES FAST PRACTICE LAP AT WATKINS GLEN





Why do people who hate Scotch drink it?

Many people who drink Scotch train themselves to endure the taste of it.

Why?

Scotch is the polite thing to drink. The social drink.

If you've given a cocktail party recently, you'll know how strong the demand is for Scotch.

On the rocks. With soda. Or water. (Anything else is considered uncivilized.)

The unhappy fact is that thousands of people order Scotch and simply "suffer" it.

How much more sensible if they could enjoy it.

There is a strong possibility they would enjoy Chivas Regal.

Many people find Chivas Regal delicious. (Or, bluntly, "the best Scotch in the world.")

Chivas Regal goes down as smoothly as honey.

Why?

It is entirely free of "back bite." (When Scotch hits your throat, you may possibly wince or shudder. This is "back bite.")

Chivas Regal is never less

than 12 years old.

It's made with Glenlivet Scotch. This is prize Highland "soft" Scotch.

Another secret.

Casks are brought all the way from Valencia, Spain, for ripening or "marrying the spirits."

Quite an extravagance. (Each cask costs over £35.)

To the people who merely endure Scotch, we suggest one of two things.

Either try Chivas Regal.

Or give up Scotch.



Tropic pools, tree-fern forests, flowers, volcanoes — and lovely seabines — all delight your eye on Hawaii Island.



Gourmet dishes, hot dogs, *luscious* delicacies — fine food awaits you in Waikiki and wherever you go.



Maua has a mellow tradition of hospitality. Its sunny spirit is mirrored in our *keiki's* smiles.

We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of **HAWAII**

Hawaii's people greet you with a friendly Aloha and welcome you with fragrant leis. Our happy land is just 4½ hours from the Pacific Coast by jet, 4¼ days by luxury liner, so you can easily stay long enough to see all our Islands. Kauai, Maui and Hawaii are mere minutes from Honolulu by plane. Many fine hotels everywhere you go offer you a wide range of accommodations. Travel light and buy "Island things" here.

There's more for all this fall: Enjoy the spectacular new Festival of the Pacific, Nov. 10-17, a gala week of music and dances from many Pacific lands. Hawaii offers its special Aloha to Honeymooners, Dec. 1-15. And there's still time to hook a big one in the Fall Fishing Derby, ending Dec. 15.



Music and dancing are part of any day on Kauai. You may see Tahitian *hula's* as well as our own, for the cultures of many countries meet here in Hawaii.

habit. Clark, surprisingly, is a compulsive farmer and, in the words of Chapman, a "genuine amateur motor racer" who would hurry back to his beloved 1,250 acres of Scots soil "in a minute" if there weren't so much at stake. Clark admits that he is anxious to get home and "get the feed in for the winter" but doubts that he will give up racing for another year or two. A natural, instinctive driver, Clark is possessed of marvelous reflexes and a light, precise touch. No hayshaker in history ever drove faster or better.

Graham Hill is Clark's opposite. Authoritative in appearance, he is regarded by some as "a hard bloke" and "a charger." Dogged, plucky work has brought him to the top—not natural flair. The flamboyant mustache belies the man. "You mustn't let the old emotions take charge," he says. "If you make a mistake in racing you pay a price for it."

Perhaps better than any other driver, Hill exemplifies a new breed. In tennis terms, today's drivers rarely hit winning shots; rather they force, or await, opponents' errors or breakdowns. Neatness is everything; bravura driving counts for very little. This is due to the small, "underpowered" engines of the day and a new kind of car. The current racers handle better—corner more securely and more quickly—than any in history, but they lack the surplus power that used to enable an inspired driver to outpace a superior opponent by scrambling around the turns.

The result is that more and more the cars themselves, not the drivers, are becoming the real stars of modern racing. Among builders there is a frantic search for ever lighter, more tractable, more streamlined machines. Invincible last year, Italy's Ferrari works failed to keep up with the British, who boast no fewer than five Grand Prix makes. The Ferraris have been humbled nearly everywhere in 1962. The only serious rival to British dominance proved to be the German Porsche, and it was, until recently, outclassed.

Friday's trials in threatening weather produced a record and, as happens when the world's best drivers get together, a spate of wild rumor. Clark circled the 2.3 miles of winding asphalt in one minute 15.8 seconds, faster than anyone ever before him. But even before he drove, the news was already spreading that Phil Hill had been fired by crotchety old Enzo Ferrari. Hill allowed that the firing was fiction, but on Saturday afternoon he put on his pale-blue driving coveralls and ripped off eight laps in the Porsche of Sweden's Joakim Bonnier, who had aggravated an old back injury. No one could say for certain whether Hill would replace Bonnier on Sunday. If he did not, then surely (rumor had it) he would be in Richie Ginther's BRM. Ginther was said to be flying to California to be with his wife, who expected a difficult delivery of her first child at any moment.

As a power blackout in the night added further confusion to the Glen's Grand Prix fling, only a few facts were certain: besides Graham Hill and Jimmy Clark, America's Dan Gurney in a Porsche, Australia's Jack Brabham, the former world champion, in his own Brabham car and New Zealand's Bruce McLaren in a Cooper would all be formidable—and the expected crowd of 40,000 or so spectators would be likely to churn the track's sodden infield into an immense and not very pleasant bog.

Race day brought leaden but duple skies and news of a 7-pound 15-ounce son for Ginther, who had not left the Glen after all. Another rumor was scotched. Phil Hill,



CALM BEFORE RACE, JIMMY CLARK SITS IN REVAMPED LOTUS

unhappily, could not obtain access to a car, and thus the champion of the world could not drive in his own country's foremost road race.

But for smooth little Jimmy Clark all the news was good. He sprinted his green bullet away from the starting line ahead of his 17 competitors and ever so neatly and easily ran away with the race despite losing the use of his clutch halfway through the 230 miles. Only once was another car ahead of him. Graham Hill slipped past on the 12th lap when Clark was blocked by a slower car he was lapping, but on the 19th lap Clark regained the lead and simply sailed home. Second by 11 seconds was Hill, who still leads on title points 39-30 but faces the specter of another Clark runaway in the South African finale. If Clark wins there he'll be tied with Hill and will win the championship because he will have more first places. A lap behind Hill came McLaren, Brabham and Gurney. Thus the first five were from five different nations in five different kinds of cars.

"What a race that'll be in South Africa if Jimmy can keep the car together," said Colin Chapman. "He can win it. The only bloke who can beat him is me." **END**

PART III: THE CLIMB UP TO HELL

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TWO LIVES ON A TAUT CABLE

by **JACK OLSEN**

Inch by desperate inch up a wall of ice, the brave man on the end of the trail lifeline brings his human cargo closer to safety, while anxious men above on the mountain's summit and below in the valley watch helplessly. The attempt to rescue four climbers lost on the treacherous north wall of the Eiger is under way. In the previous installments from the book "The Climb Up To Hell" (Harper & Row), the two Italian climbers, Claudio Corti and Stefano Lughli, were trapped on separate ledges and close to exhaustion. The two Germans, Franz Mayer and Günther Nothdurft, had continued upward, hoping to reach the top and summon help—and had then disappeared. This concluding installment begins as volunteers from half of Europe converge on the Eiger summit by more accessible routes than the north wall and plan their campaign against avalanche, ice, rockfall and storm





When the first members of the Swiss rescue team reached the summit ridge of the Eiger on Saturday morning, they began hacking a platform and fixing cables to the unstable rock. The worst problem of a rescue on the north face was anchoring the cables securely at the top so that men could be lowered to the trapped climbers. It was like trying to tie threads to the tipped edge of an ice cube.

Erich Friedli's longest cable was only 600 feet, or at least 150 feet less than the distance down to the red tent spotted on the north wall. And Friedli had to use 200 feet of the cable tying it around one of the cornices on the summit. In midafternoon he selected Robert Seiler from among the volunteers who offered to go down for a reconnaissance of the face and strapped him into a sling at the end of the cable. Seiler began his descent at three o'clock. From the valley, spotters hurriedly radioed to Friedli that he was coming down several hundred feet to the west of the red tent. But this was merely a reconnaissance mission, and Seiler was lowered all the way to the end of his tether, 400 feet down. He could see the tent below him and to his left. There were no signs of life. Carefully noting the exact position of the tent, he gave the signal for the upward haul. Soon, however, his shortwave radio began to fail, and he found himself wrenched upward when he did not want to be, and forced to stand for long periods on narrow ledges covered with ice and snow. It was more than two hours before Seiler reached the top, frostbitten and bruised, and he was sent down the west wall for medical attention.

Friedli moved the cable anchoring, and at 7:30 in the evening began a descent himself. Dangling slowly downward, his face lashed by ice crystals blown off the wall, he saw that he was still too far west; the anchorings would have to be changed again. Just before giving the order to haul him back, Friedli shouted down the face, and back came a voice saying something Friedli could not understand. But now he knew that at least one man was still alive on the wall. Friedli was lifted back to the top at 8:15.

The men of the Munich Mountain Guard had now reached the summit, and were already digging out a work platform precisely over the fall line to the red tent. They hoped to make a final attempt to reach the stranded men by moonlight, but a sharp, cold wind hit the summit, the temperature dropped to a little above zero, and there were freeze-up problems with the equipment. While the rescuers

continued

were scrambling their sleeping quarters out of the icy overhang, a final volunteer clambered up to the ridge—Walter Seeger, a young architect and former rope-master of Notherdorf, who had walked up the railroad tracks, forced the west wall alone as night fell and, after climbing 10,000 feet in a single day, announced that he was ready to assist. His arrival brought the number of rescuers to 50. It would not be even one too many.

A dawn on Sunday, mountain guard leader Ludwig Gramminger began laying out the cable system for new descents. The main problem was to anchor a large, drum-type winch on the shifting ice cap. Gramminger tied it to the porous rock of the cornice with cables, wound another holding cable around a big block of ice and as a final safety measure added several loose ropes that the rescuers could hold while they scratched secure stances into the ice with their crampons.

For all his deep respect for Gramminger and the men of the mountain guard, Friedli had serious misgivings about the winch. Under stress it might tear loose and hurtle down the cliff, impartially taking rescuers and rescued to their deaths. And even if the winch remained in place, Friedli doubted that it was geared low enough to enable its operators to haul up the men below. With his usual taciturnity, and strictly on the basis of his own forebodings, Friedli ordered a work gang to extend a level path parallel to the ridge on the south side of the peak. If the winch failed to work, old-fashioned, dependable manpower, using this path, could take over the pulling operation.

The tentative plan was to lower a man past the red tent and down to Longhi, give him first aid and haul him up to the tent where, it was assumed, the other three climbers must be marooned. Other rescuers would then go down the cable and bring the four men, one by one, to safety on the ridge.

Gramminger and Friedli selected Alfred Hellepart, an old hand at mountain rescues and a man of tremendous strength and courage, to make the first descent. Gramminger fixed his friend to the end of the cable, covered Hellepart's head with a white plastic helmet, attached a rucksack to his back and sent him over the side. It was exactly 8

o'clock in the morning when Hellepart began moving down the mountain into aloneness. As he walked slowly backward on the 50° angle of the summit ice field, he set about preparing himself psychologically. From long experience Hellepart knew that one had to purge one's mind of all outside thoughts: the entire concentration had to be on the job at hand. One could not think at all of oneself; the slightest glimmer of fear could be deadly. Nor could he allow his thoughts to drift back to Munich, to his wife and 11-year-old son. From this minute on, family and self must be forgotten, until he had succeeded or failed in his rescue mission.

When he had gone 250 feet, almost to the end of the ice field, he heard Friedli telling him by radio to make himself secure on his crampons; the cable had to be disconnected from the winch and joined to the next 300-foot length by a frog coupling. Hellepart waited until the go-ahead came from the top, backed over the last few feet of the snow field, and found himself looking down the vast sweep of the north wall. For a moment he felt wild panic. An indescribable sense of abandonment came over him; he could no longer see the men on the top, and instinctively he looked up at the quarter-inch cable spinning up into the mists like a thin strand of cotton thread. Below him the north wall fell endlessly away, down and down and down, black and menacing, broken only by a few insignificant snow ledges.

Dangling from the cable, he gulped for air and almost forgot what he had come for. Just then the voice of Gramminger broke in on the radio. "You are doing fine, Alfred," the calm voice said. "Everything is secure for you. Keep control of yourself, and remember that there are men on the wall depending on you for their lives." The soothing words brought composure back to Hellepart, and he gave the order to continue letting the cable down. Off to his right he could see a black rift, one of the exit cracks leading to the White Spider. He made a short traverse to the crack and began wriggling his way obliquely downward. Two thousand feet below him he could see the morning mists swirling up the mountain. He had to hold himself to the wall again while another 300-foot roll of cable was attached above. After a hundred more feet of his descent he went on the air to tell Friedli that he was coming in sight of The Spider. During that brief conversation he heard another

human voice, barely audible at first, then growing louder and coming from the east.

He traversed toward the voice, and came to a shattered pillar bulging out across the face. He stepped onto the pillar, only partially supported by the cable, which had assumed a sort of J shape as it followed him on a level course. About 60 feet away he spotted a man in a half-sitting, half-lying position on a narrow ledge pitched with a small red tent. Hellepart shouted, "Who are you? Are you Mayer or Notherdorf?"

The voice came back: "Irolano." When Hellepart was six or seven feet from the Italian, the man called, "Maugiore! Something to eat!" Hellepart tossed him a frozen half bar of black, hard chocolate. The Italian did not even pause to remove the wrapper. He rammed the chocolate into his mouth and began to chew.

Hellepart could traverse the remaining few feet of the pillar, but only at increasing risk to himself, since he no longer dangled straight down from the cable. And if he reached the Italian in this manner he would be unable to make the rescue: the two men could not traverse back across the rubble. "Take me up," Hellepart called to the summit. "I am going to look for another route."

A hard jerk of the cable yanked him off the pillar and out into space. Spinning in midair, he fought to turn himself toward the wall so that he could take up the shock of the return impact with his legs. He had barely succeeded in twisting around when he crashed into the wall feet first. "All right," said Hellepart, "haul me straight up. I will tell you when to stop." Up he went, inches at a time, for 150 feet, and then set himself into a slow swing until he was able to grab a jutting rock straight above the Italian. "Now let me down," he instructed. As he descended a sheer gully, stones began to shake loose, and he shouted to the Italian to take cover. Finally he dropped the last few feet onto the ledge, and called triumphantly to the summit: "I am with the Italian."

It was 9:15, and he had been on the wall for more than an hour. The Italian gave him his name, Claudio Corti, and Hellepart reported it to the summit. Friedli asked where the others were. Hellepart said to Corti: "Where is Longhi? Where is Mayer? Where is Notherdorf?"

Corti pointed down the mountain. The two men leaned over the edge and called, but there was no response. Corti's knees

continued

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Obvious, isn't it, that Pontiac's come up with another beauty this year. Fresh over-and-under headlights, clean profile . . . but you can see that. There's a wider Wide-



looked like. Wide-Track Pontiac '63

Track, too, and a full line of Trophy V-8's. (That ought to be enough to make those other cars turn green.) And we haven't mentioned such happy touches as self-

adjusting brakes. So what, pray tell, could be keeping you from a new Pontiac of your own? We leave you with the year's happiest problem: which Pontiac to pick.

[illegible]

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were trembling and Hellepart ordered him to sit down and gave him coffee from a thermos. He looked at Corti's scarred hand and bloodied head and decided that the Italian's condition was too poor to permit him to attempt to climb to the top on a separate cable. He radioed to the summit for an Italian-speaking man to take the radio and explain the situation to Corti. Riccardo Cassin's voice came on. He knew Corti well as a member of the climbing club of Lecco of which Cassin was president. Hellepart handed the speaking mechanism to Corti, who seemed befuddled by it and nervously pushed the wrong buttons. Finally contact was established.

"Rispondi, Claudio," Cassin's voice said. "This is Cassin. Now listen to me: you have not the strength to get up by yourself. Watch how he shows you how to get up on his shoulders! Try everything to make it easy for your rescuer! Drink something when he gives you to drink. Remember you are safe. Do not lose your spirit!" Hellepart took back the radio as the last words of Cassin crackled through the earphones: "Coraggio, Claudio, coraggio!"

Hellepart packed Corti's rucksack, strapped it on the other man's back, and began lacing him into the back-pack harness, called a Gramminger-Sitz, that Ludwig Gramminger had long before designed for hauling injured climbers to safety. Hellepart sat down with his back to Corti and pulled the harnesses around his own chest and up over his shoulders. Bearing all this uncomfortable weight, he struggled to his feet and snapped the cable in place. All these exhausting preparations had taken Hellepart nearly an hour. "We are ready," he said to the summit. It was 10 o'clock.

Back came Friedli's voice. "We have been rearranging the equipment. It will take us a few minutes more." Hellepart sat down with his heavy load. Finally the signal came. "We bring you up now," Friedli called. "Prepare yourself."

Hellepart wrenched himself into a standing position, but still the cable hung slack above him. "What's the matter?" he called to the summit.

"We are having a little trouble," Friedli answered. Long minutes went by, and then the cable began to tense. Hellepart pressed his feet against the wall and pushed outward with all his strength so that he could keep the cable from fouling against the wall. Now the wind began

to hum across the tightening thread of steel. It sounded to Hellepart like a grim violin string, starting on a low note and gradually whining higher as it tensed, until it had reached a screaming, piercing pitch. And still they did not move up from the ledge. He looked above him at the delicate strand and wondered for the first time, if it would hold.

Friedli's fears about the winch had increased when it became necessary to haul Hellepart back up 150 feet to find a better route down to the Italian. The men cranking the winch were barely able to lift Hellepart up to his new stance. "I do not think we can use the winch to pull the weight of two men," Friedli said. Gramminger agreed. While Hellepart was readying Corti for the ascent, the crew on top discarded the winch and shifted over to raw manpower. It was a quick improvisation, made possible by Friedli's foresight in ordering the pulling path dug into the south ridge. The cable went up the ridge and through a direction-changing roller. The roller steered the cable back along the pulling path, where 30 men were scrambling into position. At intervals of 20 feet, pulling ropes were attached to the cable by clamps which could be loosened and moved along to new positions as the men came up the wall.

With the voice of a Swiss drill sergeant, Friedli shouted to the men to pull away. They strained backwards against the pulling ropes, but nothing moved. More hands were added to the ropes. Still the cable did not budge. Fearful that the combined strength of all the rescuers would snap the lifeline, Friedli frantically waved them to a halt. Three security brakes on the cable were so constructed that the cable could be pulled through them, but at the slightest accidental downward movement they would clamp tightly shut. Friedli decided that this mechanical equipment must have jammed, and nervously went from device to device until he came to the one which had been fouled. He cleared the jam and ordered the crew to begin pulling again. The cable tensed and whined in the wind, and after a few long seconds the men could feel it begin to move.

Hellepart was coming up the mountain, his human cargo heavy on his back, the radio dangling clumsily in front of him. They swayed from side to side as the cable whipped them about. Every 50 feet Hellepart had to cling to the wall while

the men on the summit secured the cable and moved up to new pulling positions. These were agonizing delays. Sometimes Hellepart had to stand upright on scallops of snow, with all the weight of Corti on his shoulders. Sometimes he had to kneel against a tiny ledge, gripping an outcropping of rock with his knees the way a jockey grips a horse. Whenever he kneeled against the wall, Corti would push his face into the snow and bite off mouthfuls. "Don't gobble so much snow!" Hellepart ordered. "It is bad for the stomach!"

The cable rasped over the last foot of the exit cracks after 40 minutes of the tortuous rise. The two men swung onto the summit ice field. Out of the shadow of the overhang, they could now feel the rays of the sun. "*Che bello è il sole*," Corti said in a strange, loud voice. "How beautiful the sun is." Then he slumped forward into a coma. Hellepart, recognizing this as a shock reaction, and knowing that men in a seriously weakened condition could die from it, forced the final 250 feet of the field. Up he came, staggering like a drunk under his heavy load. The men at the top knew that he was forcing, and increased their own pace, once pulling too far too fast and nearly wrenching Hellepart and Corti into the wet snow. Hellepart regained his balance, kicked through the sticky snow and finally, 59 minutes after the ascent had begun, stumbled with his cargo across the ridge.

Wrapped in blankets and placed in an ice hut, Claudio Corti seemed barely to understand what had happened. Out of a maze of contradictions and incoherences, the rescuers learned that he had not seen Nothdurft and Mayer since Friday, but he assumed that the Germans were clinging to a bivouac positioned somewhere up the exit cracks. Longhi was well down the mountain, but at least 300 feet farther to the east.

While a crew went off to prepare a new anchorage, Lionel Terray was lowered down the route taken by Hellepart to study the whole radiator grille of exit cracks for signs of the two Germans. On his descent he passed the spot where he had driven his last pylon into the exit crack when he climbed the north face of the Eiger 10 years before. His eyes scanned the jagged cuts of the upper face, but he could not make out the slightest sign of life.

Terray had not come to the end of

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TAUT LIFELINE *continued*

the second 300-foot section of cable when his radio transmitter failed. The crew above stopped lowering him as the silence continued. The minutes extended to an hour, then two hours. Heavy clouds were darkening the sky, and billows of mist came up from the valley. Light fluffs of snow began to blow around him. Far down the face he heard Longhi crying out, "Venite! Venite! Come! Come!" But he knew no help would reach the man below on this day. Already it was too late to begin a new descent, with the storm upon them.

Terray felt the vibrato of the cable as tension came back to it, and then he was on his way up, in a lurching, brussing blind ascent through clouds of snow. It was 3 o'clock when he reached the top. The rescue party now divided in the face

of the storm, Terray and one group conveying Corti to safety down the west wall, and Friedli and the others preparing a new drop to Longhi. By 4 o'clock the full brunt of the blizzard was poised just above the summit and Friedli was forced to give the order to abandon the operation. The rescue equipment was stored in a bivouac hole. At 4:30 p.m. Friedli signed the mountaintop radio station off the air.

In the valley rain was falling heavily when this last call came from Friedli. At 5:20 a clear avenue opened in the billowing clouds, and watchers at Von Alen's hotel could see all the way up the face of the Eiger to Stefano Longhi's perch. There, standing in the center of the ledge, was the imprisoned man, his face turned upward toward the skies, his arms outstretched as though asking the heavens for a miracle. And then the clouds came

continued



HIS FEARFUL ORDEAL ENDED, THE HALF-DEAD CORTI IS TREATED AT SUMMIT

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—ARROW—

together again, the rain beat harder, and a sudden darkness fell over the valley and the mountain.

In the morning the storm was whirling away to the southeast. The rescuers threw off the protective covering of their bivouacs and stepped out into the sharp winds and the frigid early-morning air. High above the Eigergletscher, the party led by Terray saw Friedli's party apparently headed back up to the summit to begin a new descent for Longhi. But then Friedli heard the news from the valley, and made no effort to continue. There was no need to try to save Longhi now. At 7 a.m. the clouds had cleared away, and through the telescopes at Von Allmen's hotel the still form of Longhi could be seen hanging 15 feet below his ledge, feet downward, his head resting against a boulder and covered with a thin glaze of ice. A reconnaissance plane confirmed the news: Longhi had been swept off the ledge to his death in the storm.

The end of the Eiger story was bitter and confused. The most spectacular mountain rescue in the history of Alpinism was soon obscured, and the heroism of the rescuers was forgotten, as questions began to be asked. What had happened to Mayer and Notthdurft? Why had the local guides turned their backs to the rescue attempts? Why had there been so many errors, and why had a crucial day, Friday, been lost while competing crews rattled around the valley? Why had not Longhi been saved after so much hope was held out to him? But one question was heard more than any other: had Claudio Corti committed an act of violence on the mountain?

A walking case of shocked disorientation, Corti gave out wild, rambling interviews. He misplaced the time of his first meeting with the Germans. He said the Germans climbed out of his sight on Friday; later he said it was Thursday. He said they left at 3 in the afternoon; he said it was 9 in the morning. One sensation-monger speculated that Corti, maddened because the Germans were trying to pass him and beat him to the top, flung them off the mountain to their deaths. An Italian magazine implied that Corti had abandoned Longhi to save himself.

The problem focused on the disappearance of Notthdurft and Mayer. It

continued



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING — THROUGH CHEMISTRY

TAUT LIFELINE continued

was known that Nothdurft always kept daily notes of each climb, and his friends believed that if it could be found his diary would tell what really had happened. Teams of German climbers searched for the bodies of Mayer and Nothdurft, and combed the base of the wall, but failed to find a single clue. Soon Corti found himself being questioned by policemen. In Grindelwald, Dr. Hermann Lutz, a mountaineer and a police official, made an independent investigation. He found it inconceivable that climbers as experienced as Nothdurft and Mayer would have continued climbing a face as difficult as the Eiger without food, and observed that everyone who knew them agreed they would have climbed down after seeing their rucksack full. But Dr. Lutz had no real case against Corti other than the contradictions and confusions of the Italian's account. He concluded that there would never be a solution to the mystery: "Those who died will keep to themselves the secret of their last hours."

Lionel Terray spoke out in Corti's defense. He said that Corti's confused stories did not make him a criminal. After he had been hit on the head by a stone—which was certainly not a fabrication, judging by the cut on his forehead—he needed the help of Mayer and Nothdurft. As for harming the Germans to keep them from reaching the top ahead of him. "In a wall like this such a thing could not be done," Terray said. "Even if men are bad, they cannot feel jealousy toward one another when they are on a wall facing death."

Ludwig Gramminger agreed. He said that, knowing Nothdurft, he had been unable to understand why the rope moved so slowly, now the knowledge of Nothdurft's sickness explained everything. He believed that the two bodies were somewhere on the mountain, and would someday come down.

But it was the mountain itself which cleared Corti's name, rather than the words of experienced climbers. Two years after the tragedy a well-organized party of Swiss guides, in a harrowing nine-hour descent and rescue by cable, brought the body of Stefano Longhi down from the face. The condition of his body indicated that Longhi had been blown from his perch during the storm, and there was nothing in his rucksack to prove or

continued

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disprove Corti's story. That proof came later and by accident.

The equipment that had been carried to the top of the mountain for the Longhi recovery remained in place, gradually sinking under the snow and ice of the summit field. Late in September 1961 another group climbed the west wall to salvage the equipment. About all that was worth bringing down was 1,350 feet of hemp rope. Thick with accumulated moisture and almost unmanageable, the rope was wrapped into bundles and dragged along the mountain. On the west wall one bundle accidentally slid along the glacier and fell into a gully several hundred feet from the normal route. The guides climbed down to free it, and found two bodies. They lay in the position of men caught in an avalanche, facing away from the thundering ice and snow to avoid suffocation. In a rucksack guides found Ganthier Nothdurft's blue notebook, but his writing had been washed away in the rains and melting snows.

Franz Mayer's sister recognized the clothes and equipment of one of the men as her brother's, and a final check of the teeth of the dead men provided positive identification. The biggest mystery of the Eiger was solved. Now it was possible to reconstruct the last hours of Mayer and Nothdurft. Corti had seen them struggling toward the summit late on the afternoon of Friday, August 9, 1957. They must have been almost at the end of their strength when they reached the top after eight or nine more hours. But they had promised to bring help to the two trapped Italians, and so they began the descent to the Eigerletscher Station. It was an act of mercy, conceived in benevolent desperation, but doomed from the beginning, and they had gone only a pathetically short distance down the west wall when the avalanche swept them to a suffocating death.

Reporters from a Swiss newspaper went to Oligante to bring the news to Claudio Corti. With no show of emotion he said he was happy that his name had been cleared. It was not news for him that he was innocent, let others be surprised. As for his own future, he gave the newspaper a little statement. "I haven't been able to find anybody who is willing to go with me again to the north wall," he said. "But now I'm sure I'll find somebody."

Europe shuddered.

END



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and a split-T is something a golfer throws away - if she's sure an another man is someone working his way up to captain of the ship and a grand slam is a bridge table exclusive

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Photographs by Jack Fields and Phil Barn



PAINT, POLISH, PIPES & POWER

The menacing cluster of chrome-plated nozzles above is neither the business end of a fancy 40-millimeter battery nor a new silver-toned steam calliope. It is the exhaust system of a jazzy new kind of motorboat dedicated to both speed and show. The view at the right shows a similar awesome apparatus ready for action in a \$10,000 racing boat owned by Elmer Rossi of Bakersfield, Calif. who, like some 1,000 speedy citizens from Florida to the Pacific, has been seized in spirit—and pocketbook—by the expensive waterborne fad called drag-boat racing. The object of this pastime is simple enough. The drag-boat racer simply straps himself to his machine, points its polished bow at 1,320 feet of straight, flat water and, powered by a souped-up auto engine—usually a Chrysler—attempts to accelerate across this distance faster than anyone else wearing a similar machine. Most of the boats and engines were assembled or rebuilt by the drivers themselves, and their talk is as sprinkled with references to milled-down heads and compression ratios as that of their automobile counterparts. Like earth-bound hot rodders, the senging drag-boat racer is as much concerned with the esthetics of chrome plate, pleats, plush carpeting and paint as he is with the frantic urge to get not very far very fast. The boats shown on the following pages—owned by Don Burger, Bob Fine and Paul Stratton—are further evidence that, among California drag-boat racers at least, haste often makes for surprising taste.

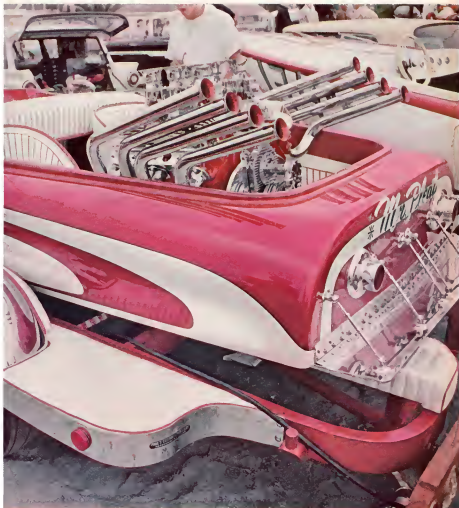




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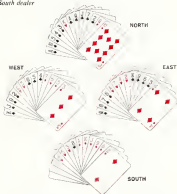
BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Right play, wrong number

If you like eight hours sleep at night, I have a word of advice for you. When a bridge tournament moves into a hotel where you are stopping, move out. Modern tournaments being as large as they are, you will have trouble finding another hotel in town that is not also heavily infested with bridge players. It will be worth it though, for you will not be awakened at 4 a.m. by a player who has just solved a problem of the utmost complexity but who has not yet mastered the art of calling the right room number.

If you detect a rueful note in my advice, let me hasten to reveal the cause. It began with the following hand, which—up to 4 a.m., at least—I had absolutely nothing to do with. It was played by Ron Von Der Porten, Lew Mathe and Mr. and Mrs. Morris Portugal.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (Von Der Porten)	WEST (Mrs. Portugal)	NORTH (Mathe)	EAST (Orentopol)
1♥	PASS	3♠	PASS
2♦	PASS	2♦	PASS
3♦	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
4♦	PASS	6♦	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: diamond 3

This deal took place in the Summer Nationals at the Hotel Leamington in Minneapolis. Mrs. Portugal's trump lead was won in dummy. The king of hearts lead was taken by the ace and, unfortunately for the defense, East didn't have another trump to lead. He led a spade that was won in dummy. South trumped a spade, trumped out West's heart queen, and could afford one more ruff to get back to his hand to draw West's three remaining trumps. Now, with the heart suit established, the rest were his.

Nobody likes to waste an ace, so East's taking of the king of hearts was almost automatic. But, when the hand was over, Mathe wondered out loud what might have happened if East had let the heart king hold. To get back to his hand, South would have to use a trump. After he ruffed out the heart queen he'd have to use another trump. When East was given a trick with the ace of hearts either South would be out of trumps if he had drawn West's or he would be forced below West's level if he later had to ruff to get back into his hand. The heart suit could never be run.

Since this is an extremely complex hand, let's draw the curtain for an hour or two while you do your own figuring—just as Morris Portugal did as he tossed restlessly over his apparent mistake. Suddenly the answer came to him, and he grabbed for the phone.

"If I duck the heart," he sputtered when a sleepy voice answered, "dummy's ace of clubs is cashed and the queen pushed through, ruffing out my king. South trumps the second heart in dummy, cashes the jack of clubs and trumps another club in his hand.

"Now he draws West's remaining three trumps, discarding low spades from dummy, and leads the jack of hearts, discarding dummy's last low spade. I'm in with the ace of hearts and declarer doesn't have another trump. But what am I supposed to lead? A spade puts dummy in to score the ace and the good club. A heart puts South in to cash two heart tricks!"

Morris Portugal was right in all but one thing. Instead of calling Mathe's room, he had called mine!

EXTRA TRICK

East's best play is still to duck the king of hearts. With declarer marked for a six-six distribution, East could not lose the heart ace anyway. Although declarer could still make the hand, he might have made a mistake. He didn't have half the night to figure it out.

END

For a rough pitch use a gentle swing

When you miss the green with an approach shot you will often find the ball nestled in high, swirling rough. This presents a complex problem. The club must be swung hard enough to cut through a lot of deep grass before reaching the ball, yet not so hard that the ball is knocked way past the hole, or over the green.

I had experimented with many ways to hit this shot—from using a loose grip and letting the clubhead do the work, to exploding it like a sandblast—but I was never satisfied. Then, at the U.S. Open last June, Art Wall taught me an extremely effective method. Hold on to the club very firmly with the left hand. The right hand should also grip the club tightly, but not quite as strongly as the left. Keeping the blade slightly open, take the club straight up by breaking the wrists very sharply at the start of the backswing. Then come down right on top of the ball. You should feel that you are hitting the shot with the right hand. The firm left hand will keep you from breaking your wrists too sharply at impact. Use a slow, almost lazy, swing. Take the clubhead all the way back and all the way through, but never speed up the swing. The ball will actually pop out of the rough cleanly—as it has done at left—while the clubhead continues into the grass.

This shot can be played high or low, and is most effective from 20 feet to 30 yards. Your lie in the grass and the pin position dictate how high to hit the ball. For a high shot, play the ball more off the left foot. For a low one play it more off the right.



Drawings by Francis Golden

The club should be taken up abruptly in almost a straight line by breaking the wrists very sharply at the beginning of the backswing.



At the climax of a slow, easy swing the clubhead should come down through the ball, with the right hand firmly controlling the shot.

A romantic couple is depicted in a lush, wooded setting. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a bright yellow dress, is sitting on a large, mossy log. She is smiling and holding a cigarette. A man in a grey sweater and dark pants is kneeling beside her, leaning in to kiss her cheek. In the foreground, a pack of Kent cigarettes is prominently displayed, partially overlapping the log. The pack is white with a blue band at the top that says "20 CIGARETTES". The brand name "KENT" is printed in large, bold letters, and below it, in smaller text, "NEW ADVANCED MICRONITE FILTER" and "KING SIZE". The background shows a dense forest with trees and a stream, creating a serene and romantic atmosphere.

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When the Washington Redskins opened the current National Football League season by tying the lowly Dallas Cowboys, 35-35, it seemed about as much success as they would achieve all year. The next week, to the amazement of almost everybody, particularly Paul Brown, they managed an enormous upset by beating the Cleveland Browns, 17-16. At the time, Cleveland was considered the favorite for the Eastern Conference championship. However, the Browns had come off a tough victory over the Giants the week before, and most people, including a few of the Redskins, considered Washington's victory a fluke.

The flirtation with glory was supposed to end the following week when the Redskins played the St. Louis Cardinals, equipped with John David Crow, a sort of combination Jim Brown and Paul Hornung, and a very stout defense. After all, the year before the same Redskin team with the same quarterback had won only one game. No matter what happened against the Cardinals, the season was already a success. But even the doubting Redskins were beginning to believe that they were members of what in fact was a very good team. They proceeded to document their belief by thumping the Cardinals, 24-14, holding Crow to his skimpiest running yardage of the year.

As they prepared for the Los Angeles Rams last week, the Redskins found themselves favored for the first time in several years. To be sure, the margin was only by four points over a team that had yet to win a game. But the Redskins accepted the small compliment with gratitude and a private belief that the odds makers had created a big overlay for Washington bettors.

As it turned out, the odds makers were nearly right: the Redskins won 20 to 14. The win, however, was impressive, and it confirmed the fact that this Redskin team is a first-rate ball club, which very likely will not fade away and die. Already, it has won more games than the 1960 and 1961 teams did combined.

Sunday's victory, like the other two and the tie, was engineered and operated by Norman Sneed, Washington's 6-foot-



The Redskins find a new kick—winning

Victory was a forgotten word in Washington before Norman Sneed (above), high-stepping Bobby Mitchell and some sage old pros got together on what is now a rousing good team

4-inch, 215-pound second-year quarterback. He packed apart the Ram defenses with precocious skill. He ran the Redskins with the aplomb and the assurance of a Norman Van Brocklin or a Bobby Layne, and he completed 15 of 22 passes for 305 yards, including two touchdowns. In previous games he had depended on the ebullient Bobby Mitch-

ell as his principal target; the Ram defenses were designed to shut off this route, so Sneed calmly looked for the weakness created when the Rams covered Mitchell with two men. It turned out that they had assigned only a second-year halfback to stay with the experienced end, Fred Dugan. Sneed saved Dugan for the key third down and long-

(Continued)

yardage plays, then completed passes to him to keep drives going. Once, on the Ram two-yard line, with the bulky Ram defense packed tight in front of him, Sneed stepped back and flipped a quick crisp pass to Dugan in the end zone for a touchdown. Another time, under awesome pressure from the big Ram ends, he flipped a 25-yard pass as he was falling which Dugan caught across the goal for another touchdown.

Sneed's passing, of course, probably was the most vital element in the Washington victory, which now leaves the Redskins comfortably in first place in the Eastern Conference. But his play selection was intelligent, too. Once, as a Washington drive appeared to have petered out on the Ram 20, Sneed brought his team out of the huddle into a spread formation in a situation that seemed to dictate a pass. As the Ram defenders scattered to try to pick up receivers, Sneed handed the ball to Don Bosseler, the Redskin fullback, and Bosseler gained 11 yards to the Ram nine before the Los Angeles defenders could regroup forces and stop him. Sneed's first touchdown pass to Dugan followed.

There were, naturally, other heroes on the Redskin team in this and the previous games. The Washington offensive line, which last year often appeared to be of the consistency of cotton candy, almost always was successful in holding the Rams off Sneed so that he had time to throw. The defense, a sometime thing a year ago, was intelligent, quick and lusty. The linebackers, buoyed up and informed by the presence of veteran Bob Pellegri (acquired from the Eagles), acquitted themselves very well.

These maneuvers have been wrought only recently; it was during the exhibition season that George Preston Marshall, the owner of the Redskins, was convalescing from an operation and obtained permission to watch a Redskin game from his hospital bed. His team was playing the Eagles and the Philadelphia team was chewing up the Washington defense dreadfully. Marshall, who was not supposed to get excited, slammed his fist on his bedside table and howled until his nurse came running.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked anxiously.

"No," said Marshall, "unless you can back a line."

He can watch with equanimity now and the reason is Sneed, his tall, rangy,

beetle-browed and remarkably unscarred quarterback. While chronologically this is only his second year at his job, Sneed has had the equivalent of at least three years' experience, all crammed into one horrendous season.

Not only Sneed but other rookies aged quickly last season and Bill McPeak, the soft-spoken, personable young head coach of the Redskins, has mixed in a judicious selection of experienced pros obtained in trades. Significantly, most of the oldtimers come from teams that have had a habit of winning. Most spectacular of these is Mitchell, who arrived from the Cleveland Browns in exchange for the draft rights to Ernie Davis.

"They taught us something we needed," Sneed said the other day in the Redskin dressing room before going out to practice. "They are used to winning. I mean guys like Pellegri and Billy Barnes we got from the Eagles. They talk about it all the time, about how little difference there is between a winning effort and a losing one. I mean in this league it takes maybe just a little bit more to win. This year, we've had the little bit more and last year we didn't."

Sneed is a graduate of Wake Forest with a degree in physical education. Surprisingly, he has always wanted to play for the Redskins, principally because they used to train on the Wake Forest campus, and he became acquainted with the team early in his college career. He was a first-draft choice. Owner Marshall preferred Fran Tarkenton, who went to the Minnesota Vikings. Not McPeak.

Grade A players

"Tarkenton may be better in his first year," McPeak said then, "Sneed will be better over the long pull."

"The original squad I took over two years ago had only 15 or 16 topflight players," McPeak said the other day. "The club had to be rebuilt with grade A football players, and we started doing that with the 1960 draft."

McPeak, who played pro football for

the Pittsburgh Steelers, came to that draft meeting well equipped. He had been a talent scout and assistant coach for the Steelers, and he knew the available crop of college seniors very well. His first choice, of course, was Sneed, but he also obtained Center Fred Hage-man, Defensive Tackle Joe Rutgers, Fullback Jim Cunningham, Defensive Halfback Jim Kerr and Offensive Tackle Riley Mattson in the same draft. Nearly all of them are regulars on the Redskin team this season.

Familiar with the weaknesses of the



BOBBY MITCHELL PROVIDED NEEDED RECEIVING

team after a full year as head coach and possessed of valuable draft choices as trade bait, McPeak was ready to go out and get the exceptional players in 1961 who could make his team go. Mitchell, his real catch, gives Sneed a deep target that he never had before, Pellegri has lent experience and muscle to the defense from his middle linebacker position and Bobby Freeman, another ex-Eagle, has stabilized the deep defense. Chunky Billy Barnes adds punch to what—with Bosseler hurt—was a nonexistent running attack last year. And, as Sneed pointed out, all were winners.

"I learned a lot last year," Sneed said ruefully in the dressing room. "I learned it so that I remember it, too. It was not like watching a game movie and having

the coach say, 'See, he called the wrong pass-blocking pattern then and the linebacker came in and hit him.' When I called the wrong pass-blocking pattern, it was me the linebacker came in and hit. I made a mistake, I got hit in the head. You learn pretty quick that way."

"He took some beatings," McPeak says. "It doesn't make much difference who the body would have been in his position; if it survived, it had to be good. Norm survived and he did it without buckling, mentally or physically. That's why he is a fine quarterback now."



BILL McPEAK MADE NEW STARS OF TIRED PROS

Snead is not taking a beating this season. The rookies on the Redskins offensive line have learned to pick up red-dogging linebackers better, for one thing. The improved Redskin running attack and the ever-present threat of the pass to Bobby Mitchell on Washington's offensive flank has multiplied the problem of opposing defenses, and has made it more difficult for them to commit linebackers to harrying Snead. Now the linebackers must attend to other duties besides trying to decapitate the Redskin quarterback.

Mitchell was a running halfback for Cleveland. Paul Brown, enamored of the big-back backfield as operated by Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung of the Packers, used Mitchell to obtain another big

back to go with Jim Brown—the unfortunate Ernie Davis. Despite the fact that Mitchell is very likely the most elusive broken-field runner in football, Brown felt that he was prone to fumble any time he hit inside tackle (SI, Sept. 10).

McPeak was well aware of all this when he obtained Mitchell, but he did not waste any time trying to teach Mitchell to hold onto the ball piling into the line, he placed him out wide as a flanker back, away from the traffic in the middle of the line.

"I was very happy to be traded to the Redskins," Mitchell says now. "That Mr. Brown is a nice man in many ways, but he is very difficult to get along with when he is coaching. I am glad I played the tight back for four years, because the experience was very good for me and I learned some moves that are very useful to me now. But I have had the four years there and now I am happier out on the flank. I use the things I learned as a tight back all the time."

On the flank Mitchell gives the Redskins a deep threat on every pass play. He has good hands and does not often fumble catches. The defenses nearly all put two men on Mitchell, creating a weakness elsewhere that Snead, with more tools and with experience, exploits very well.

Dugan, who joined the Redskins in 1961, said during practice as the Redskins prepared for the Rams: "No one would have bet a nickel to a hundred bucks we would be leading the Eastern Conference after three games. I guess we surprised everyone in the league, including me. And we're getting better. Last week, against the Cardinals, Norm called a perfect game. I don't think he made a single mistake. We're going to be tough."

In order to take some of the pressure off Mitchell and to force the defenses out of their double coverage on him, McPeak has installed some plays sending a halfback or fullback in motion opposite to the side where Mitchell is flanked. If the defense rotates away from Mitchell toward the halfback or fullback,

it can assign only one man to cover him, a fact that the extremely quick Snead picks up immediately and exploits—for touchdowns as often as not. Snead is a very good scrambler, too; he is particularly adept at salvaging a broken-pass pattern—which is the ultimate test of a real pro quarterback.

"Against Cleveland, on the long run Bobby made for the touchdown that beat them, Norm hit him on a broken pattern," McPeak said. "Bobby was supposed to go fairly deep over the middle, but the linebacker knocked him to the outside off stride so that he couldn't run his original pattern. Norm was under pressure, but he found Bobby and hit him just over the middle. It was a good move and the play went 50 yards for the touchdown."

Hard exhibition season

The Redskins began slowly this year. In their first exhibition game they were almost demolished by the Rams, 37-7. "It wasn't until the last two games of the exhibition season that we began to get confidence," Snead said, dressing for the last practice before last week's game. "We beat the Bears 29-28 and then we played the Packers and lost a close game that we should have won. Then Pellegrini and Barnes and the other guys who should know began saying we were as good as any club in the league and we got to believing it. Now everyone on the club believes it."

At practice, Snead went through the arsenal of plays set up for the Rams defense quietly and competently and with immense assurance. In that first exhibition game against the Rams, Snead had taken his accustomed physical beating from a big, agile Rams line. He lost a total of 93 yards attempting to pass, often being tackled almost before he could turn and look for his receiver. As he prepared for them again, however, he showed no concern.

"We're still learning and making mistakes," he said. "We didn't make any last week, against the Cardinals. I don't think we will this week either."

After the brief practice the Redskins sang and shouted happily as they dressed. In McPeak's small office just off the dressing room, a Washington sports reporter who has covered the Redskins for 15 years shook his head.

"That's the first time I ever heard a Redskin team sing in the dressing room," he said. "Sounds nice."

It did Sunday night, too.

END

Ever since Edward VII gave the rough country cloth a royal boost by having it made into shooting costumes, tweed has been the fabric men prefer to wear at fall sporting events. Until the middle '30s, in fact, a tweed suit was an important item in any man's wardrobe in England and America. Then sportsmen began wearing their tweed suit jackets with unmatching gray flannel trousers. The result: the sport jacket became an essential, and the tweed suit virtually vanished. This fall the suit is back in patterns as bold as the windowpane plaid worn by the man attending a United Hunts fall race meeting in the painting at the right.

REVIVAL FOR TWEED SUITS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY KOEHLER

The suit pictured here, like all tweed suits this season, is meant to be worn not only in the country or on weekends but, with more dressed-up accessories (*left*), in the city as well. It is of 11-ounce worsted cheviot tweed and is made by M. Sigel & Sons, selling for about \$100 at Jay Briggs, San Francisco; Graves, Cox and Co., Lexington, Ky.; Roots, Summit, N.J.; and Jack Wood Ltd., Charlotte, N.C. The windowpane pattern also is popular in this fall's new sports jackets, such as the one at the far right in burnished gold Scottish tweed, which is made by Stein Bloch. It is \$65 at Buffums', Long Beach, Calif. and Lord & Taylor, New York.



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A big ol' country boy with a big ol' country pass

TCU's Sonny Gibbs laughs and talks as tall as he walks. He is also a prime candidate for All-America selection—even if his press agent does say so

Guy (Sonny) Gibbs (see cover), who plays quarterback for Texas Christian University, is—at 6 feet 7 inches tall and 230 pounds—a man of considerable dimensions. He can fall down and make yardage, provided his direction is good. He can throw a football 70 yards, but needn't because he can convey it across the line simply by reaching, as one relays the potatoes at suppertime. He has a 37-inch sleeve, up which he has nothing, being a guileless, unreserved Texan. He wears a size 7½ hat on an unturmed head. No matter how much publicity he gets, he still says "Yes, sir" and "Thank you kindly." He has a 100-pound dog called Pepper, a 10-year-old car called Old Yaller and a 5-foot-5-inch blonde he calls, at opportune times, "Y'ole Houn" but whose real name is Sandra Ren. He keeps a picture of Pepper in his wallet and is quick to show it off. But it is Sandra who will have the ultimate edge. She will marry Sonny in June.

Sonny Gibbs is a country boy with a country boy's appreciation of his size ("Ah'd rather be tall than a squatty body") who is at once the most unlikely and yet one of the more legitimate All-America candidates this year. For many who have carefully—and oftentimes painfully—followed his career at TCU, Gibbs is mostly a by-product of the inventive mind of Jim Brock, the school's football propagandist. After listening to the passionate Brock, and before seeing Gibbs play, a sportswriter was moved to report that Gibbs was faster than a speeding bullet and more powerful than a locomotive and capable of leaping tall buildings at a single bound. Even Brock blanched.

Still, Brock's brainwashing of the press has taken effect. A Gibbs sneeze is tantamount to an epidemic at TCU. His mercurial highs (e.g., the 50-yard touchdown pass that upset top-ranked Texas, 6-0, in 1961) and abysmal lows (e.g., last week's 42-14 loss to powerful Arkansas, when his

continued

RELAXED AND EASY at chalk talk, 6-foot-7 Sonny Gibbs (center) laughs with assistant coach and teammate during replay of past game.



receivers repeatedly dropped passes and Gibbs ended with 9 for 22) have been the source of constant analysis. "He's great. Any pro club would like to have him," says Don Klosterman of the Dallas Texans, who want him. "I'm not impressed with Gibbs; he has size but not savvy, he's not a great runner, a great passer or a great play-caller," says John Breen of the Houston Oilers, who don't.

Gibbs has been on the spot almost from the moment of his high school graduation in Graham, Texas, a quiet little oil town (pop. 8,500) 90 miles from Fort Worth where Guy Gibbs Sr. runs a welding business and is known around town as a tough-minded, personable man. Scouts from 32 colleges visited the Gibbises' two-bedroom frame house at the foot of First Street. At one point in negotiations Mrs. Gibbs, a handsome woman who naturally dotes over her only child, was reported to have said: "Sonny's ready for the pros right

pen tomorrow, if the temperature is right and the sky doesn't fall. They are reluctant to compare him with the two other widely publicized TCU quarterbacks of the past, Davey O'Brien and Sammy Baugh. At a recent meeting of the Frog Club in downtown Fort Worth, Assistant Fred Taylor got up to say that Miami's George Mira (whom Gibbs and TCU were to face that week) was the finest quarterback he'd seen in 10 years. "Oh, my," said Brock, holding his head. "Fred's sinking my ship."

TCU has not been a winner in Gibbs' two years at quarterback (combined record, 7 wins, 9 losses, 4 ties). There is strong suspicion, however, that this is mostly the fault of a poor supporting cast and that when Gibbs had his best days they were truly superperformances. In the 7-7 upset tie with Ohio State last fall, Gibbs completed seven of 12 passes for 136 yards and the touchdown. Two weeks later his passes were like grape-shot; he completed only three of 10 for 23 yards, had two intercepted and TCU was beaten by lowly Texas Tech, 10-0. Martin, as a result, has learned to steel himself to disappointments.

The reaction of Gibbs to the adulation of Gibbs has been curious to see. He is able to affect a splendid disinterest, as though the things that matter most to him really don't matter at all. On the day that Martin went to Graham to sign him, taking along a newspaper photographer to record the big event, Gibbs chose to play tennis. "I was walkin' home when this kid challenged me to a match," Gibbs said. "Reckon I couldn't turn him down. He was on the school team. So I took off my shoes and we went at it and I plum forgot the signing." Martin said it was all right because he was more concerned with a big police dog that wouldn't let him on the porch. "Heh, heh, heh," chorled Gibbs as he recalled the incident the other day. "Of Pepper really scared 'em. Aw, she wouldn't hurt anyone. Of course, at night if she didn't know ya she might chew on ya a little bit. Heh, heh. You betchy."

Gibbs flunked out of school his freshman year when studies began to interfere with his hunting trips and his weekend visits home. "Din'tcha ever get homesick?" he explains blandly. "When I told Mom I'd flunked, though, she folded up like a suitcase. Boy, I felt low-down." When Martin consented to take him back, the Gibbises were elated. "Hail bells," drawled the coach, who understands country boys. "Sonny and I are

neighbors. I'm from Jacksboro, 22 miles from Graham. His Daddy and I played football against one another."

For the next two years Gibbs led the conference in smashing his helmet to the ground and berating himself and his team. "I hate to lose. I hate it worse'n anything," he said. Often he was contrite—"my temper's not worth that 15 yards," he told Martin when a penalty followed one tantrum—and that was an encouraging sign. So Brock and Martin braced him last spring with a proposition: they were going to push him all-out for All-America, because they thought him worthy, but it was up to him to be worthy. "It's the first time we ever told a player in advance," said Brock.

The publicity bewildered Gibbs. "It sure seems strange seeing yourself all over the newsstands," he said. One particularly crowded day in Brock's office, Gibbs scribbled him a note: "All this publicity is bunk." Brock dressed him down. "Sometimes," said Brock wearily, "that boy wears me out."

Sonny Gibbs is a onetime Boy Scout who saves Indian arrowheads, shoots golf in the 70s, hunts and fishes and can water ski 80 yards on his bare size 13s. "Sandra Ren is the best I ever saw on a slalom," he says proudly. "She goes out of her mind on those skis, you betchy! Boy, what a woman. My parents love her to death."

Gibbs, sometimes called "Grubbs," is easily liked. He is droll without being cocky. He is pleasantly contrived. He can't understand anybody who never heard of Possum Kingdom Lake, where he fishes. He can't understand waitresses who can't understand him. "You thank?" he asks pleasantly. He orders "a buncha" butter. He filches the spare-ribs off Sandra's plate. He makes her blush with kindly references to her slightly bowed legs. "Oh, Sonny," says Sandra indulgently, "hush and tell the man how you saved those two kids from drowning last summer." "Aw, ah was just sittin' up there being a lifeguard," says Sonny, "when I saw these two kids in trouble. A boy and his sister. Men, the horrible expression on those faces. I dove right in and went for the girl and she shouted, 'Not me, ya dummy—hm! That's the kinda hero I am.'"

Gibbs' roommate is the smallest man on the TCU team, 5-foot-9, 155-pound Jerry Jack Terrell, the safety man.

He is genuinely proud of Gibbs' emergence as a responsible, respected TCU team captain. "We were a pretty happy



MIAMI ACE George Mira won duel with Gibbs, passed for 1,000 yards last season.

now." This now is contravened by Gibbs. "Mom never said that. Ah'd swear on a stack of Woody Woodpecker books."

Gibbs chose TCU and was a starter from the first game of his sophomore season. Predictably, he could not equal his publicity. "How could he?" says Othol (Honest Abe) Martin, the TCU head coach. "I've never seen a boy with more pressure on him than Sonny. Renowned was just *stupid* on him. It's better to earn it." Martin says he now feels Gibbs is ready to earn fame, but he and his assistants still talk of Gibbs cautiously, as though he were going to hap-

bunch last year, carousing around and all. Before the Tech game we were up half the night—playing poker. Sonny too. But this fall, after we elected him captain, he called us all together and read the riot act: 'No drinking, no smoking, no staying out late. And the first guy I catch is off the team.' He surprised a lot of us, but he meant it."

"I don't rightly know what I'd do if I caught anybody," says Gibbs, grinning. "Jerry Jack's the fighter. Ah'm more a lover type."

Gibbs is a natural athlete, smooth and effortless. He is not fast, nor elusive, but his long stride covers much ground and he hits with great impact. On a team which will pass only in extreme crises, he has had remarkable success: 71 completions for 999 yards in 1961, No. 1 in the Southwest Conference in total offense with 1,198 yards. He throws hard, too hard for lesser receivers, and is stunningly accurate on long passes. Gibbs is not quick getting the ball away, however, and is too slow to be consistently

effective on rollouts. But his major flaw would seem to be his reluctance to use himself. He never called a play in high school—the coach did it for him—and he found it "a scary thing" as a TCU sophomore. Now he says he "likes it," but in the season's opener with Kansas he still passed only eight times, completing four as TCU, an improved team over 1961, made an early lead stand, 6-3.

The pairing of Gibbs and Miami's Mira was a natural: Gibbs—deliberate, resourceful; Mira, at 5 feet 11, flashy, quick and exciting. Mira throws right-handed or left-handed. Against Florida last fall, he grappled with a charging lineman with his right arm (his throwing arm), switched the ball to his left and spiraled a seven-yard touchdown pass. He passed for 1,000 yards in 1961.

Mira comes from Key West, a dark-skinned Spanish boy who, unlike Gibbs, is outwardly nervous—he makes a meal of his fingernails—and a practicing hypochondriac, always rooting around the training room for pills and advice. But

for all his protestations Mira is durable and tough and most dangerous when under heavy pressure. He runs like a half-back and, if anything, throws harder than Gibbs. His accuracy is uncanny. He was offered \$20,000 by the Baltimore Orioles off his high school pitching record (31 wins, 2 losses) but checked it for an education. "The only way to stop Mira," said a Kentucky scout, "is to tackle him before he gets the ball."

Mira and Miami beat Gibbs and TCU 21-20. Mira threw two touchdown passes and ran for a third, and when one of his passes was blocked he caught it himself and made yardage. Even so, Gibbs was splendid in defeat—he threw a touchdown pass in the final minute that almost pulled another upset. When it was over the two quarterbacks could be seen pushing through the crowd at mid-field to talk. "Ah always wanted to meet you, George," said Gibbs worshipfully. Later he said, "Mira's the greatest college quarterback I've ever seen." Brock would have brained him. **END**

FOUR OTHER TOP QUARTERBACKS



TERRY BAKER



BILLY LOTHBRIDGE



MATT REYKOWITZ



DICK SHINER

There are, of course, other outstanding college quarterbacks. Some of them are fortunate enough to play with strong teams, while others, like Sonny Gibbs, must labor with losers. Here are four of the best. Saturday two of them won, two lost, but all showed why they deserve All-America consideration.

TERRY BAKER, OREGON STATE: There is very little that Terry Baker (58, Oct. 16, 1961) does not do well. At Oregon State he plays football, basketball and baseball, and takes a tough mechanical engineering course.

"I think you get the best education by taking courses that are hard," he says. "If you get used to working hard, you

find you do your best work. That's one reason I take part in as many sports as possible."

The coaches of Oregon State's various teams have been competing vigorously for Baker's time for three years, but Baker has given his best to football. In his sophomore year he was third in the nation in total offense. Last year he was 11th. He is off to a fine start this year, helped by last week's one-man show in which he gained 217 yards and scored two touchdowns in leading State to a 27-0 upset of Stanford. As he says, he likes to keep busy.

BILLY LOTHBRIDGE, GEORGIA TECH: Bobby Dodd, Tech's coach, was

talking about his junior quarterback, Billy Lothridge, recently: "He looks awful in practice," Dodd said. "Sometimes he scares you. But when Saturday comes he's a ballplayer, and that's the only day we play, Saturday."

Lothridge is a Georgia boy, 6 feet 1 and 184 pounds. His favorite receiver is his high school chum, Billy Martin, a 6-foot-6 end, and around Tech the two of them are called "Mr. Cool and the Jolly Giant." Lothridge throws a soft, delicate pass, like a man shooting darts. Such passes, with Martin on the catching end, scored touchdowns that led to Tech victories in its first two games this season, but last week LSU managed to

continued

bottle up the Lothridge-to-Martin combination for all but a few minutes of the afternoon and thus defeat Tech 10-7.

Lothridge is one of the best punters in the country, and seems likely to make the pros on that talent alone. He also runs, kicks field goals and extra points. Says Coach Dodd: "If Billy ever got hurt it would take a platoon of folks to replace him."

MATT SZYKOWNY, IOWA When Iowa's Wilburn Hollis was injured against Southern California last year, Matt Szykowny (pronounced So-conee) took his place and led the Hawkeyes to two straight victories, one of them a 47-15 rout of Wisconsin in which Szykowny completed 14 of 17 passes for three touchdowns. This year Szykowny outpassed Oregon State's Terry Baker to win Iowa's opener 28-8. Then last week against Southern California, Szykowny, like Hollis the year before, was injured

early in the game. Without him Iowa could not move the ball and lost 7-0.

Szykowny is a methodical, calculating man. A local sports announcer invited him to appear on his program and asked: "Matt, as one of the outstanding quarterbacks in the nation, what do you think your chances are this year?"

Szykowny eyed the announcer coolly and then replied: "Of what?"

DICK SHINER, MARYLAND: On his first play as a sophomore last year, Dick Shiner threw a 46-yard pass to help Maryland beat SMU 14-6. Shiner finished the season with 921 yards gained, one of the best records in the nation. This year, after three games, all of which Maryland has won, Shiner is leading all quarterbacks in yards gained passing. Says Coach Tom Nugent: "He's the best passer I've seen in 21 years of coaching."

Shiner is 20 years old, 6 feet tall and weighs 195 pounds. He comes from Lebanon, Pa. and is majoring in marketing. He resembles Mackey Mantle, and is re-

garded with similar awe on the Maryland campus. Coaches respect his willingness to accept orders from the bench. "If I told him to take three steps back and fall down, he'd do it," says Nugent. Shiner throws both short and long passes effectively. If he has a fault, it is that he throws the ball so hard—he is nicknamed "the rifleman"—that receivers sometimes drop sure completions. One Shiner pass split the palm of an end's hand and put him out for weeks. But with Maryland winning as it is, and Shiner completing a majority of his passes, his coaches wouldn't dream of changing his style, even if he used up a dozen ends.

There also are a couple of sophomore quarterbacks who have already kicked up their heels in this young season. Alabama, one of this year's top teams, as run by Joe Namath, age 19. And Tom Myers of Northwestern completed 20 of 24 passes in his first game to tie a record held by Otto Graham. You can't do much better than that.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WASHINGTON (3-0-0)
2. USC (1-0) 3. UCLA (0-0)

Three unforgettable goal-line stands, each repulsing first-ranked Ohio State at the one-yard line, earned UCLA a 9-7 victory and one of the biggest upsets in West Coast football history. The Bruin offense operated only in the first 30 seconds, when Halfback Kermit Alexander broke 45 yards to a touchdown, and in the last seven minutes, when sophomore Quarterback Larry Zeno came off the bench to lead UCLA's only other venture into Bluekey territory. Zeno kicked the winning field goal from the 14 and the UCLA defense was magnificent beyond the telling of it. A fumble set up Alexander's run. A second fumble, recovered by Tackles Dave Gibbs and Phil Orlem, stopped OSU on the one-yard line. "We thought our team was pretty good until this afternoon," said Woody Hayes. Then, slowly, he added, "A team of mine has never been stopped that many times before."

Pix Quarterback Jim Traficant passed for three touchdowns and scored a fourth against California, and the Panthers needed all the points to beat Cal 26-24. Behind 19-7 in the third period of a seemingly hopeless game, California produced a new face, Quarterback Larry Balliet, who completed 13 of 25 passes. Stanford, perhaps a bit self-satis-

fied over last week's upset of Michigan State, was given a bad case of indigestion by Oregon State, 27-0. Beaver Quarterback Terry Baker kept for two touchdowns and completed 11 passes.

While San Jose was playing Oregon, Oregon may have been playing its next seven opponents mentally. Oregon won by only 14-0 and fumbled seven times. By dint of considerable effort, Washington kept its score down to 41-0 over embarrassed Kansas State.

Between Wyoming's "jitterbug" line and its own jittery backfield, Utah was lucky to beat by only 16-7. The final score of the BYU-Colorado State game was Eldon Fortie 28, CSU 7 as BYU's national rushing leader resumed for three fourth-quarter touchdowns. Utah State matedrated Montana State College 41-13.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PURDUE (3-0-1)
2. OHIO STATE (1-1) 3. NEBRASKA (3-0)

The Big Ten came away from its two games with Pacific Coast teams empty-handed and badly bruised. UCLA's victory over Ohio State was the upset of the week and Southern California's 7-0 defeat of Iowa marked the first time the Hawkeyes had been shut out at home in 10 years. Iowa outshined and outpassed the Trojans, but imprudently handed the ball away seven times. USC, fol-



BACK OF THE WEEK: Nebraska Quarterback Denny Clardie (left) scored three touchdowns, paved for another against Iowa State. **LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK:** UCLA's Johnnie Walker excelled as middle linebacker and guard, was key to defense that upset Ohio State.

lowing an Iowa fumble, produced the only score of the game as swift sophomore Halfback Ron Heller skipped 19 yards for a first-quarter touchdown.

Elsewhere the Western Conference was its good old formidable self. Purdue whacked Notre Dame 24-6, Minnesota shut out weak Navy 21-0 at Minneapolis, Michigan, at home, bent favored Army 17-7, and Michigan State routed North Carolina 38-6 at East Lansing.

A record South Bend crowd of 61,296 saw Purdue's power game and the passing of Ron DiGirolamo maintain the Bollermakers' mastery over the Irish. Notre Dame has not beaten Purdue in South Bend since 1951. While Quarterback Duane Blaska kept the Gophers' attack rolling with sharp passes over Navy's tightly packed defenses, Minnesota blanked the frustrated Midwesterners with vicious defensive line play that held them to minus 31 yards on the ground.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Wolverine Coach Bump Elliott matched Paul Dietzel's Cadets platoon for platoon and bowl Army at its own three-team game Michigan's defensive unit, the Raiders, held Army to 12 yards offensively. North Carolina stumbled into the Big Ten's lair again and was chewed up for the second week in a row as the Spartans' tiny sophomore Halfback Ron Rubick ripped off 207 yards and three touchdowns. In two intraleague routs of offensive-minded Northwestern defeated Illinois 45-0, and Wisconsin unleashed another speedy backfield, a tight defense and giant 16-foot-6 End Pat Richter (five catches, one score) in a 30-6 defeat of Indiana.

At Lincoln, Nebraska's 6-foot-3 junior Quarterback Denny Clardie kept the Cornhuskers' record clean, accounting for four touchdowns (three snafus, one pass) in a 36-22 rout of Iowa State. At Lawrence, Kansas Coach Jack Mitchell checked Colorado's passing attack with 7-4, 6-7 defenses and smothered Colorado with a second-half surge, 35-8. Arizona tried to strangle Missouri's powerful running attack with an eight-man line, but could generate no attack of its own and lost at Columbia 17-7.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (3-0)
2. ARKANSAS (3-0) 3. NEW MEXICO (3-0)

Despite an unfamiliar adherence to form, there was still some uneasiness in the easily disturbed Southwest Conference. Although Texas ran over Tulane 35-8, the Longhorns were understandably worried about Arkansas after the lively Porkers whopped TCU 43-14. But for sheer thrill, the big game was at College Station, where Texas A&M and Texas Tech played fitfully without a score for 39 minutes and 40 seconds. Then Tech's H.L. Daniels kicked a 16-yard field goal for a 3-0 lead. However, A&M's Dan McIlhenny ran back the kickoff 102 yards for a touchdown (with two seconds to go) and the Aggies won 7-3.

For a half, visiting Penn State was up to its ears in trouble against Rice. Sophomore Walt McReynolds pitched the Owls into a 7-6 lead and the Nittany Lions were huffing and puffing in the 97th humidity at Houston before they became acclimated. Then their big, fierce line began to harry McReynolds into mistakes and Fullback Dave Hayes scored twice as State won 18-7.

New Mexico's bubble burst against Texas Western and the pitiful Lobos went down 16-14. Arizona State got a look—but only a fleeting look—at Washington State's Hugh Campbell, who snared five passes for an NCAA career record (136) as the Cougars came from behind to get a 24-24 tie.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (3-0)
2. LSU (3-0) 3. GEORGIA TECH (2-0)

When rookie Coach Charlie McClendon took over from Paul Dietzel at LSU, he was reminded that his predecessor had left behind

Penn State over Army. State is just too big and strong for the hustling Cadets.

Pitt over West Virginia. But only after a struggle. The Mountaineers are tough.

LSU over Miami. LSU's running and careful defense will prevail over Mira's passing.

Duke over California. Chastened by USC, the Blue Devils aim to get even against Cal.

Michigan State over Michigan. The bigger Spartans will chew up the finer Wolverines.

Northwestern over Minnesota. Close, but Tom Myers' passes should carry the day.

Wisconsin over Notre Dame. The old Badger passing game is as potent as ever.

Texas over Oklahoma. The scatter-legged Texans will run the Sooners legged.

enough talent to win the Southeastern Conference title. For a while McClendon wasn't sure, but last Saturday he found out. With typical LSU persistence, his Bengals squeezed Georgia Tech dry with a tight 5-4-2 defense, unloaded just enough careful offense to bother the Jackets and beat them 10-7. Halfback Jerry Stovall, executing a beautiful hand-off fake perfectly, returned the second-half kickoff 98 yards to put LSU ahead 7-0, but Tech, with Quarterback Billy Lofthridge passing, moved 73 yards in nine plays, the last one a 10-yard pitch to Billy Martin for the tying touchdown. Then, with 4:22 to play, Lynn Amadee kicked a 24-yard field goal for the victory.

The race, however, isn't over yet. Unbeaten Alabama and Mississippi are still very much in the running, although Vanderbilt gave 'Bama some anxious moments until brilliant sophomore Joe Namath pitched two touchdown passes for a 17-7 victory. Ole Miss was more proficient, whipping Houston 40-7. In other SEC games, Mississippi State outshined Tennessee 7-6 on Sammy Dantone's placement kick and Auburn plodded past Kentucky 16-6.

Florida, surprisingly, found some passers to go with its line runners and had Duke down 21-0 at half time. But Duke Quarterbacks Walt Rappold and Gal Garner, doing some finey chucking of their own in the second half, led the team to 28 points in less than 15 minutes, pulled the game out, 28-21. Miami had a closer call. Ambitious Florida State gave the Hurricanes fits with a new double-wing attack. Miami, fortunately, had George Mira to throw a touchdown pass while the Seminoles, who fumbled away several opportunities, had only Doug Messer to kick field goals. Final score, 7-6.

Meanwhile, there was plenty of competition building up for Duke in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Maryland ambled past North Carolina State 14-7 for its third straight and Clemson had an easy time beating Wake Forest 24-7. Only South

Utah State over New Mexico. A real test for the Aggies, but they are up to it.

Washington over Oregon State. Baker will trouble the Huskies—but not for long.

OTHER GAMES

EDISON COLLEGE OVER EYRAHOUSE
CLEMSON OVER GEORGIA
FLORIDA OVER TEXAS A&M
GEORGIA TECH OVER TENNESSEE
HOLY CROSS OVER HARVARD
KANSAS OVER IOWA STATE
MARYLAND OVER NORTH CAROLINA
OREGON OVER RICE
STANFORD OVER WASHINGTON STATE
WAKE FOREST OVER SOUTH CAROLINA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

13 RIGHT, 7 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD 20-18-4

Carolina had trouble. The Gamecocks were tied by Georgia 7-7.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PENN STATE (3-0) 2. PITT (3-0)
3. BOSTON COLLEGE (3-0) 4. THE ARMY (3-0)

While Penn State and Pitt were showing off their muscles (and Army and Navy were getting theirs trained) on foreign turf, other Eastern independents looked good. Boston College, after some frustrating early moments against VMI, shook loose Halfback Pete Shaughnessy for 62 yards on the old Statue of Liberty play, then added two more touchdowns on Quarterback Jack Concannon's flicking short passes to beat the Keydets 18-0. Holy Cross was far from uneasy when its usually potent passing attack failed against Colgate. The Crusaders simply gave the ball to fourth-string Fullback Carl Pellegrini and he led them to a 22-0 victory. Villanova made Buffalo pay dearly for some early stubbornness, shaking loose for three scores in the final 16 minutes to win 36-6. However, Rutgers, unbeaten last year, was still without a victory. Connecticut crunched to a fourth-quarter touchdown to upset the Scarlet 15-9.

It didn't take long for last year's Ivy League co-champions to learn the hard facts of life. Despite the abundant talents of sophomore Quarterback Archie Roberts, who passed and ran superbly most of the time, Columbia was no match for Princeton. The Tigers, with the kind of depth that wins titles, sent 18 tailbacks, wing-backs and fullbacks, six in each position, charging inside and outside the weary and inadequate Lion defenders and won easily 33-0. Harvard fell behind Cornell, then tried to scramble back but a last-play field goal failed by a foot and the Crimson lost 14-12. Dartmouth smothered Penn with a withering defense and whipped the hapless Quakers 17-0 while Yale needed a pair of 33-yard field goals by Wally Grant to end a 6-6 tie with improved Brown. **END**



Illustrations by Nicholas Solovoff

by BARBARA HEILMAN

The nation's game wardens, protectors of our remaining wildlife heritage, are dedicated men who love the land and the open air and persistently do their jobs in spite of

Long Hours, Low Pay and Guns Fired in Anger

The Susquehanna River, between Tunkhannock and Sayre, runs strong and shallow in the riffles and deep and placid in the pools; fishermen sat tranced and stilled in old boats or stood chest-deep in the water. The Susquehanna is not a fancy river. It runs untended between untended banks, and it isn't exactly full of fish.

"Any luck, men?" Warden Stephen Shabbick laid a hand on the gunwale of an old boat and pulled gently alongside; a pale little boy, fishing with his father, looked at him doubtfully. The boy wore shorts, an undershirt, out-size sunglasses and galoshes.

"One little boy about your size, down the river, caught a 27-inch walleye," Shabbick's partner, Clair Fleegeer, said. "Biggest fish we've seen today. May I have a look at your license, sir?" The boy's father produced his fishing license, then his motor license. Shabbick checked the number against the number on the outboard. He counted life preservers, pulled up the stringer and looked at two bass, small but not "shorts," and peered into the bait bucket.

"They seem to be hitting Sonics down the river," the warden told the boy's father. "Good luck!"

Shabbick and Fleegeer moved upstream. They had been up at 6 and on the river by 7. They were checking licenses, life preservers, motors, fish and bait. They were watching for dead fish—a tanker of hydrochloric acid had gone into the river at Waverly, N. Y., and if there was going to be any toxic pollution it should show up in Laceyville shortly.

"It wasn't so bad with the sewage that was running in, but now they got that gosh-darned stuff from the mines,"

continued



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Game Wardens *continued*

a fisherman grumbled to Flegger. "That sewage isn't so bad—fertilizes the river."

"Well, it is and it isn't," Flegger said temperately. "Bacteria takes a lot of the oxygen out of the water and you have a lot of fish killed. And think of all the poor people who have to drink it."

"Hey, you're the guy who promised to look at a pond for me over at Beaumont," another fisherman told Shabback.

The wardens checked a dead eel's length and were pleased. "All the eels in here are ones we planted as elvers," Flegger said. "Nice to see them establishing themselves." Along the shore a live-bait box, tethered to a stake, rose and fell with the small waves. Shabback went to check it. There is a limit on live bait in Pennsylvania. "Some people," Flegger says, "take more bell-



"I was over there that afternoon with the supervisors," Shabback said.

"No, no, that's my brother. He's the one with the bulldozer. I wanted to move a crick."

"Got to have a permit from Harrisburg," Shabback told him.

"It's only a small crick—there's no fish in it or anything," the man said. "It's not much of a change."

"Yes, but you still need a permit from Harrisburg," Shabback said, and promised to check it.

And so on, up the Susquehanna, in

grammites than they would ever need to catch the limit of six bass. And at the end of the day they throw them away, dead. I've always felt that you shouldn't waste anything of nature's."

Shabback and Flegger would leave the river about 7 and have supper, after which they would debate going back out to check on bait hunters. A quiet day: long but not longer than usual, strenuous but not as strenuous as some.

Hunters and fishermen are inclined to think of wardens like Shabback and Flegger vaguely and negatively, as fig-

ures they don't want to see rising out of the bushes. Few of them know or care just what wardens do, so long as they don't do it to them, and in this they are making a mistake. It is the hunters and fishermen who pay our wardens, and it should please them to know how much they are getting for their money. In almost all states, wardens' salaries derive solely from license fees—there is no state



appropriation and fines sometimes are channeled as far away from the wardens as the local school fund. It works out to a salary of some \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year, and for this the sportsmen get a man who works incalculably hard, who is diplomat, conservationist, legal expert, public relations man and, more than occasionally, sunburned Samaritan.

A warden's average day is conservatively estimated to be 12 hours long. It is probably in fact longer, but it would be so difficult to calculate that wardens prefer to go to bed rather than figure it out.

continued



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The State of Connecticut did arrive at a figure of 48 days of unpaid overtime per man in 1960—probably low, Vermont tells its prospective wardens flatly that "a warden is paid the standard weekly rate, with no additional compensation for required overtime"—which sounds tough, but Chief Conservation Officer William Coffin of New Jersey observes, "We never have to pound a man to go out and do a day's work. We have to pound at him to take some time off." The other states agree.

On duty the warden, of course, enforces the law: 4,500 wardens over 3,615,211 square miles of country and 88,633 miles of shoreline. And in these 3,615,211 square miles are men so bent on evading the law that they have hidden hellgrammites, crawly and poached, under their hats, and deer in their beds. The work requires a sound knowledge of the law. As one warden has put it, "It's a specialized form of enforcement—we deal in technicalities. When you arrest a man you're sticking your neck out unless you know exactly what you're arresting him for. False arrest, malicious persecution and all the rest of it—we don't want any of that." Not getting any of it involves a thorough knowledge of court procedure and legal subtleties; game wardens today may be found in the Treasury School in Washington, taking a condensed course in the Rules of Evidence.

And law enforcement is hardly half of it. A warden is on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week, at the service of hunters with questions, drunks with arguments to be settled at 3 a.m., house-holders with squirrels in the attic or skunks under the porch. "You get a phone call; a squirrel is up a telephone pole or a cat is on a third-story ledge," says Anthony Mazza of Manhattan, "and people want you down there forthwith. They can't understand if you don't hurry down, or that the squirrel can climb a lot better than you can." A warden is available for hurricanes, tornadoes, lost children, escaped murderers and turtles held in unlawful captivity; he is around for getting people down off mountains, up from the bottoms of rivers and out of blizzards. He conducts conservation classes, speaks at boy scout



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meetings, answers questions at outdoor shows, wildlife exhibits and sportsmen's clubs. Then he has hours to put in doing detailed reports and preparing his cases, to see them through in court—work made by the work he has done.

It is the wardens who know the size of their fish-and-game populations and the conditions that support and threaten them—the amount of food and cover, the degree of pollution in the rivers, the strength of the predator groups. It is the game warden who knows how many elk there are and how many deer, how many quail and how they are fixed for cover and for food: grit, ragweed seeds, sedge, mast. It is the warden who knows just how many fish are appearing belly up in the polluted rivers. He knows which waters need stocking and helps to stock them. He knows where deer populations are heavy and moves the deer to where they are light. In Florida he ropes and transports alligators, and in Massachusetts he curbs hard-shell clams from polluted to clean waters, saving not just clams but the lives

continued



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of people who would buy from bootleggers tempted to work the productive beds. In Manhattan he prowls Madison Avenue shops for hats bearing a breast feather of a protected duck and shows up in restaurant kitchens looking for brook trout lacking the tag that shows they were legitimately raised and sold.

In Pennsylvania, Clair Fleeper and Steve Shabback measure bass. In Florida, Rhodus Hill measures shellcrackers. But the job of a game warden is more than attention to these specifics; he is the bridge between the theory of conservation and the fact of a stringer of under-sized bass, and on his attention to that stringer may rest the preservation of a species. Nobody took up his gun and went out the back door to kill off the last passenger pigeon. The passenger pigeon is extinct because of a lack of vision and recognition of the law of cause and effect. The shock of the total loss of a species was probably more useful to America than the bird was—more conservation laws went down on the books. But an unenforced law is not going to conserve anything; moreover, it isn't going to work effectively unless it is framed with a thorough, current knowledge of the conditions of what is to be conserved—which brings us back to the game warden, first and last.

a feeling for the game laws in those not capable of seeing a larger picture.

Man has always felt an instinctive right to what runs wild; it is hard to get it through his head that it can be illegal to take home baby rabbits, pick mountain laurel or shoot an extra deer. Hunters have felt essentially that somehow they were not breaking the law, not really, and this casual view has plagued wardens even in the courts. In the early days, judges and juries tended to agree with the violators. A warden can still come into court with complete evidence, often gathered after weeks and even months of work, to prosecute market hunters or inveterate violators and have his case thrown out of court.

Warden Ernest Swift of Wisconsin remembers a justice of the peace who leafed through the statute books after the case had been presented. Swift watched him and finally said respectfully that he was sure he had charged the man correctly. The justice looked at him and said, "I know what you charged him with, young man. I'm just trying to find something in the statutes that will let me let him go!" And Rex Tice, now in Washington, remembers going to a district attorney in Wisconsin and telling him, "We've got a bad actor down here fishing illegally in Mississippi waters—using nets, no license, and he's selling gamefish. He's offered to sell me some, and I want you to tell me just how to buy them so we have a case. I don't want to make any mistake." The D.A. would have no part of it and said, "We have to live with these people."

Perhaps the most spirited complaint of this sort came from a fish-and-game commissioner, James A. Shinn of Colorado, who reported in 1911 that "it is difficult to get the district attorneys to take the proper action in some cases, and we have even had a case where the district attorney, while he was supposed to prosecute, defended the violators." Fish-and-game men have been saying hopefully, since about 1880, that this state of affairs is improving. And so it is, but this is little comfort to a warden who has spent long cold nights sitting up in a boat or lying on his belly in a field to collect evidence.

continued



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There are further demands on a game warden's patience. Practically speaking, conservation cannot be achieved by apprehending every violator. There are too many potential violators on too much land, and too much is involved in prosecuting them. So the warden must somehow make violators understand what they are doing and make illegal hunters and fishermen and laurel pickers choose to desist. Offenders are apt to be entirely ignorant of the law or unable to understand its purpose; cow them or humiliate them and the ignorance only crystallizes into antagonism. Understanding and cooperation of the public are fish-and-game departments' primary aims, and they demand a superhuman tact and patience of the wardens. High-handedness defeats the purpose of the warden and endangers the effective functioning of a conservation program. It is doubtful that a traffic cop feels personally wounded when a motorist exceeds the speed limit, and he can do his duty in a fairly offensive manner without losing his job. But the wardens, who happen to be truly pained by the breaking of conservation laws, are the men most required to be even-tempered about law enforcement. (One man is a warden today because as a private citizen he beat up a game violator. A judge fined him for assault and then asked why, if he cared so much, he didn't become a game warden. The man did—losing his "privilege," though, to beat up violators.)

Kentucky has told its wardens in a special handbook that "The Conservation Officer in serving the public signifies 'authority,' but his authority should be clothed in courtesy at all times... courtesy and etiquette are based on self-control. Not until a Conservation Officer has mastered himself can he ever hope to do a courteous job of law enforcement. Not until he does his job, with fairness and understanding, can the Department hope for the respect and cooperation of the public. The violation and its perpetrator should be looked upon impersonally and dealt with firmly and courteously." Kentucky goes on and spells it out, listing "courtesies to be used frequently," among them: "pleasantness but not familiarity," "cheerfulness when giving

continued



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Game Wardens continued

information and help," "prompt apology for any oversight or error," "acceptance of constructive criticism," "attentiveness when another person is addressing one." Discourtesies listed are: "engaging in long sidewalk or curbside conversations," "assuming a loafing attitude while in uniform or on business" and even such splendid advice for all of us everywhere as to avoid "expressing positive opinions on unfamiliar subjects."

Wardens, like schoolteachers, are expected to be examples to the community. They are well known by the men they deal with, and the most powerful deterrent to the breaking of game laws is the men who enforce them. It is a presumptuous demand, that a man's character and activities when not on the job be up to a certain standard (in Texas a report on applicants even asks: "What of the inside of the home? The furnishings? Describe. Does he owe anything on the furnishings? How much? Who is the 'boss' in the home?" and more, a lot more).

Another problem is plain physical danger. Fatal assaults by violators are less common than they once were, but still common. Enforcement of the game laws is especially difficult in that it involves dealing with lawbreakers who are almost always equipped to kill, and dealing with them usually under isolated circumstances. The drunken hunter aggravates the problem. Part of the flight to Mother Nature is apt to be a flight from the mother of one's own children, and one of the jolly aspects of getting away from the wife with the boys is getting into the beer. A man armed, drunk and in the wrong is no joke. "Shot at? The word is sprinkled," says William Jackson Roger of North Carolina. "None of us wardens like to feel anyone would intentionally fire upon us." But he concedes thoughtfully, "There usually is a time when you're hit 'unintentionally' by stray buckshot."

A considerable number of men have been killed in the last few years; murdered, not sprinkled with unintentional buckshot. They have been shot in the stomach and the back of the head, with rifles. An officer in Alabama lost an eye when fired upon during a routine license

check; a warden in Florida was shot in the belly; there was an Indiana warden killed by a hunter out on parole a year and a half from a sentence of murder; and a deputy was killed in Carmel, N.Y., shot in the head and the back. And then there are the nonfatal but unpleasant assaults made with knives, clubs, automobiles and chain rakes.

There are also natural dangers, but nowadays they are less of a problem. Wardens generally work now in pairs, and automobiles, planes, airboats and walkie-talkies have put today's warden somewhat up on his predecessor in snowshoes. Still, the warden's most effective enforcement weapons are his own knowledge of the territory and habitual violators, plus the willingness to follow up every lead he gets, regardless of the hour. As Mazza, in New York, observed, "You never know, if you go back to bed, that it wasn't the clue you needed."

This conscientiousness is abused in a number of ways. A warden in Louisiana is called out time after time by tips on "violators" in certain areas, only to find that the telephoners are merely making sure that their own favorite hunting grounds are minutely patrolled; no violators will be within miles. And violators themselves are apt to cull in and send a warden on a search miles from where they intend to poach. But the good warden is not often duped. Harry Chase, a Vermont warden, wrote in 1910: "The poachers may watch [the warden], but owing to his familiarity with the country and his acquaintance with the offenders there are hundreds of ways in which he can outwit them. May he not let it be known that he is going to such and such a place, and then in a circuitous manner return to his old territory? . . . Can he not go out under cover of darkness and return in the same manner? Can he not lay a few traps for the poachers as well as they can? Can he not guard a certain territory so faithfully that even though he does not apprehend a poacher, yet he will prevent the commission of their crimes?" Well, he can, but it is tiring.

Game wardens do take time off, but it is hard to tell where the work stops

continued

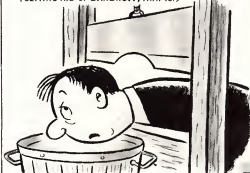


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Game Wardens *continued*

and the fun begins. Mazza is fond of sneaking up to the Museum of Natural History to study feathers. "I'll get something that sort of stumps me, a little breast feather that's old and tarnished. You compare it with bodies. You go up to the Museum of Natural History; they've got a lot of bodies up there, and you can nail it down. It's a great satisfaction." Laurel Van Camp, of Genoa, Ohio has banded and studied more than 35,000 birds in his time off; in Texas one warden has been carrying on a carcass-temperature study to help wardens determine how long a deer has been dead. A former Pennsylvania warden raised angelfish, sold them all over the country, and kept a box constructor in his cellar. Several men in Wyoming are engaged in a wildlife hair and fur study. And in Louisiana, Dewey Farrar takes people out to look at deer. "You have people who never saw a deer, and you like to take them out and show them. I'm around fish, looking at them all the time during fishing season, and the same with deer during hunting season. I don't care

any more about killing game. You get to where you like it so well you wouldn't want to kill it."

Until the middle of the 19th century all criminal law in this country, including what game laws there were, was enforced by sheriffs, constables and the police. By about the 1860s, game laws in many states had become more stringent, too complex to be handled by the local constabulary, and enforcement was put into the hands of special officials, generally called game wardens. The game warden in 1962 is often called a conservation officer, a wildlife protector, a wildlife manager—partly in recognition of the wider and subtler scope of his duties and partly, it has been explained, because the term "warden" carries with it some old and not reputable aura from the days when the job was a patronage handout and each new administration sent in a whole new team. In point of fact, no really disreputable aura ever firmly attached itself to wardens as a group, simply because the character of the men who have wanted this job has

continued





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been too consistently and unassailably excellent. But then, as now, such men were hard to find.

In 1906 Fish and Game Commissioner John Woodard of Colorado observed in his annual report to the governor, "Good game wardens are hard to secure, as not everyone will make a good game warden, and politics should be left out of that part of the business. Generally, when you get a good game warden, he does not suit the politicians in his part of the state, and the Commissioner is asked to put in some man under pay as game warden in order to pay some political department. This is always detrimental to the protection of the game and fish of the state."

John Woodard didn't do it. The devotion of the fish-and-game protectors to protecting the fish and game has always been single-minded and complete, and utterly specific and literal. These annual reports by commissioners to the governors of their states always have arrived filled with detailed word on the number of every species of fish and game, their well-being and what was being done to promote it; they contained dissertations on the beauty and usefulness of the fox squirrel and the pheasant and whether they had enough to eat; accounts of drainage systems put in with pipes of a new diameter; directions for the artificial raising of gamelish down to instructions (for the governor, seemingly) about stirring pans of fertilized eggs with a feather.

One wonders what the governors thought of them: lengthy, earnest, filled with detail and philosophy, breathing more passion than probably all the love letters mailed to the young ladies of the state in the same year. Did the governor of Georgia nod agreement when he read, "No more interesting question will come before the legislature than the subject of proper legislation for the oysters of this state"? Was the governor of Wyoming attentive through the report of his commissioner, W. H. Seeborn, which read, in part (and very small part): "Upon a recent visit to Jackson I bought 482 tons of hay ranging in price from \$6 a ton to \$8 a ton, to be fed to elk . . . this makes a total of 607 tons which

will be available in case of emergency during the coming winter months. As stated above, the Biological Survey Department has purchased hay every year for the past three years, for the feeding of elk, but owing to a deal now pending between that department and Robt. E. Miller, for Mr. Miller's ranch, located near Jackson, which the department desires to purchase for a game refuge, no hay has been purchased by it for the feeding of elk during the coming winter and, therefore, I thought it advisable to purchase the hay while available, owing to the fact that the coming winter may be severe and require the feeding of elk." Seeborn also told the governor more than the governor could conceivably have wanted to know about moving the Wyoming elk around on sleighs—and it might compare with what John B. Lubbock of Texas confided to *his* governor about shipping carp around in barrels.

Every warden in history, of course, has not turned out true blue. The commission reports reveal a few incompetents, and there must be other non-Rover Boys like the Maryland warden who was convicted in 1959 and fined for shooting over a baited field. But as a New York warden has pointed out, slackness in a man, let alone dishonesty, shows up fast. "You can pinpoint an area where he doesn't do his job. Complaints pour into the main office in Albany. But a man doesn't do a bad job if he's interested, and you aren't in this if you're not interested."

The old fish-and-game protectors, like their modern counterparts, were not in business for the money. Americans are proud of their geographical inheritance. They go hunting and fishing and return to the cities restored and grateful. They take trips into their geographical inheritance, and sit down on it periodically. An American may look at the Grand Canyon, and tears come to his eyes—but this is an infatuation. The game warden loves the land to the extent of working for it those 12 hours a day. Go to Pennsylvania and watch him counting night crawlers in a bucket. **END**

Brentwood Wool-Kodel Sweaters Available at these fine stores:

ILLINOIS

Alton	Myer's Bros. Inc.
Arlton	Togger's Men's Wear
Belleville	Pekling's
Champaign	Jas. Kuhn & Co.
Chicago	Benson & Ross
Chicago	The Fair
Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Chicago	Woolcott Store
Danville	Wm. Vogt's
Galesburg	D. T. Johnson
Harrisburg	Mar's Dept. Store
Havana	Myer's Bros.
Matteson	Myer's Bros.
O'Fallon	Hi Shop
Quincy	Dufur Vonderhaar
Rockford	Bennhart's Inc.
Rockford	Owen's

INDIANA

Indianapolis	The Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co.
Muncie	Bail Stores Inc.

IOWA

Cresco	Leuthold-Martin
Des Moines	Johnson's
Port Dodge	J. C. Peterson Co.
Marshalltown	St. Clair Manager
Keosauqua	St. Clair-Johnson's
Osage	Leuthold Clothes
Sioux City	Grayson's
Sioux City	Karl's
Sioux City	Raymond's
Spencer	Leuthold Bradford

KENTUCKY

Lexington	Levy Brothers Inc.
Louisville	Levin & Hestings
Louisville	Moskowitz & King
Louisville	The Sutcliffe Clothing Inc.

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor	Shelley & Sons
Ann Arbor	W. R. Kresco & Co.
Detroit	Crowley Miller & Co.
Detroit	Von Horn Inc.
Flint	Sackenhoff's
Flint	Chiff Sackenhoff Mens Shop
Flint	Crawford & Zimmerman
Flint	A. M. Davidson
Grand Rapids	John W. Niemeyer
Grand Rapids	Vanderwey's
Grand Rapids	Wurzburg Co.
Holland	Loeker Rutgers Co.
Lansing	R. J. Rutgers Men's Wear
Lansing	Arbuthnot's
Lansing	J. W. Knepp Co.
Saginaw	Morley Bros.

MINNESOTA

Albert Lea	Skinner Chamberlain Co.
Aurora	Leuthold-Rau
Blue Earth	Leuthold-Barrett
Kasson	Leuthold & Bahr
Marshall	Matt J. Gray Clothing Co.
Minneapolis	Dayton's Co.
Minneapolis	Edlund Clothing Co.
Minneapolis	John W. Thomas Co.
New Ulm	Leuthold Neubauer
Owatonna	St. Clair's
St. Paul	Emerson Dept. Store

MISSOURI

Columbia	Dick Bassett
Arnold	John Zorensky Mens & Boy's Wear
Mexico	Neale Clothing Co.
Reynolds	Went's Clothing Company
St. Charles	American Clothing Co.

OHIO

Bellefontaine	Cornia's
Cleveland	The S. R. Baker Company
Cleveland	Rosenblum's
Canton	Elder Neeman Store Inc.
Massillon	Tom Staughton's Mens Shop
Mason	Cornell Clothing Co.
Norwalk	Poli Co.
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Tellico	The Lammie Brothers
Toledo	Westgate Linn Store Inc.
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASERBALL—NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYOFF began in San Francisco and Los Angeles with a game that was a preview of the 1951 playoff, when Bobby Thomson's homer capped a four-run, ninth-inning rally for the Giants. This year the Giants won the same way—coming from behind with four runs in the ninth—but instead of a homer, a walk and an error by slugging Dodgers made the difference. San Francisco won that deciding game 5-4. Earlier they had taken the opener 3-0, behind three home runs by Billy Pierce and two home runs by Willie Mays that brought his total for the season to 40, high in the league. The second game went to San Angeles 8-7. During the playoffs, Mays stole 50 bases to tie his season record held in 1944.

WORLD SERIES (over page 35) was first between Yankees and Giants since 1951 when game 6 was played at the Mariner River instead of Yankee Stadium. The previous Series loss, Whitey Ford, won the opening 6-2 for New York in Candlestick Park, but the Giants took the second 2-0. Back home the Yankees won the third game 3-2 but lost the fourth 1-0 to leave things at 2-2.

LITTLE WORLD SERIES between Class AAA minor league playoff winners went to International League of Atlanta, four games to three, when the Crackers took an unprecedented Series doubleheader at Rock American Association's Louisville club.

BOATING—PALAWAN skippered by Thomas J. Watson Jr., a Chicago president of IBM, led a world-hatting fleet to the finish of a rough-hewn biennial Hawaii Strait race, the first on the Long Island racing calendar. The 54-foot boat held her winning lead on corrected time as well, but official victory was withheld pending a protest hearing.

BOXING—EMILE GRIFFITH, appearing at Madison Square Garden for the first time since his fatal boxing bout with Lou Duva, sensationally chose a different corner and then outboxed Don Faltner through 10 bloody rounds.

CRICKET—INDO FORMERS, with five straight knockouts behind him, lost former world wilderness champion Don Jordan, who had lost once in a row, to a Los Angeles outfit that was all out to remove him from another scenic fight. Turner finished Jordan at 2:18 of the first round. The bout was most exciting when the officials stopped it after Jordan declared the fight "no decision" and told a boxing crowd that the pure would be held up pending an appeal. Jordan's fight, officials insisted, was a "draw" and suspended Jordan, a key figure in Gardner Phoenix Carlo's trial last year, for a post-performance "defect" on a punch," snapped referee Jimmy White.

FOOTBALL—NFL WASHINGTON charged into the night to the top of the Eastern Division and showed off wide receiver Lee Angelle, who was named to the Redskins' first team in the Washington Post page 475. Washington was the eighth Redskins team to have won more games than in the past two seasons combined. In a battle of the Western Division leaders, Green Bay's Paul Hornung kicked the deciding 21-yard field goal against Detroit to win the head-to-head meeting. Hornung, scoring leader of the league (33 points), also kicked two other field goals—the Packers didn't get a touchdown but won 17-7 in a cold rain in Green Bay. With The New York defense picking two touchdowns to St. Louis, but Quarterback Y. A. T. Tate passed for one, set up a receiver and finished 21 yards for the third win in the league, called by the Blue Cardinals 31-14 in St. Louis. A 30-yard scoring pass from Quarterback Jack Narvick to Paul Hornung in the last minute sealed the win. Browns to a 19-10 victory over the Dallas Cowboys at Cleveland. The Los Geros threw the most of the afternoon kicked two field goals (13 and 47 yards) and added a point after touchdown to take the offense NFL scoring lead by one point from Philadelphia's Billy W. Johnson. 20th season in Green Bay career John Hadav's passing and halfback B. D. Smith's running (145 yards) squashed Baltimore in an home game in San Francisco with 21-13. Pittsburgh squashed Atlanta Braves, scored for the first time in its seven years in the pro. Boston Redskins scored to win with a 14-0 win in Chicago over the Chicago Bears at Baltimore and the Vikings defeated Oakland 44-7 in a scoring explosion that finished

halfback Gene Mingo's 50-yard touchdown run. Buffalo came close to winning one in Houston, but a late Oiler rally closed the Bills' drive.

GOLF—ALTHEA GIBSON, the former Worldvision tennis champion who retired from court competition two years ago, won her first title at her new sporting interest, golf. Gibson won and tied at Englewood, N.J. after Lulama White for the women's club championship. 2 and 1.

AUGUSTA G&A NATIONAL GOLF CLUB won an international event, four-ball tournament under brilliant blue skies at St. Andrews, Scotland with a 2-2 tie. Two strokes better than a team from Newcastle, N.J. The field was made up of more than 100 country club golfers who won with their last score on a golf tour of Scotland. Over 200 golfers on the American at St. Andrews—no electric golf carts.

HARNESS RACING—SAFE MISSION (31:20 and 58:05), showing the same class as his race, Triple Crown winner Slew for twice both limits of the \$75,230 Kentucky Futurity at Lexington, Ky. The year's last major event for 3-year-old colts. In winning, the delicate-footed Safe Mission foaled A.C. a 3-year-old for the Triple Crown. He was never in contention, finishing fourth and third. Driver Jack O'Brien took the California 15:5 (A Camp Fair, in Shafter) just off the pace in both heats before urging the carefully nurtured foal into winning drives through the stretch.

HORSE RACING—CAN HOY STABLE had two quick winners in its weekly races at Redwood Park, ended its season racing season with a record 10:44 1/2 mile in the 2-year-old in the \$71,115 Cowdin Stakes. He moved up well through a 12-horse field, catching the leaders in the stretch. Never Bend's third straight legal move. Another of Captain Hans J. Guggenheim's triumphs, BATTLE HARDS (33:56), won the 351 1/2-mile Laverne Stakes by two lengths over Ogden Pines' Crown. Manual Vaz, who took both winners, added yet another third place. He led FAMS EGO (32:41) to victory in the \$118,500 Francis Stakes for 2-year-olds and by taking advantage of a time split between the two leaders, Althea Gibson and Steve Deib, who finished third and fourth.

SOLITKORF, a 40-40-1 shot in the 24-hour field, led a French sweep of the first five places in the \$228,000 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest race, in Paris. American bred, Larry Bach, never an owner, finished 14th (see page 27).

NOTES SPORTS—JIMMY CLARK, Seattle driver who took a quick English Lotus, sensibly sped over the curving Watkins Glen, N.Y. track to a record 10:44 1/2 mile in the U.S. Grand Prix (see page 26). The victory brings him to within striking distance of the world driving championship.

TENNIS—SOUTH AMERICA defeated North America, 1-0, and Australia, 2-0, in the semi-final round of the world professional championship (see Kramer Cup) in Turin, Italy as U.S. group had no more luck than the country. Davis Cup winners in this year of international defeat.

TRACK & FIELD—AURELIE VANDENDRIESSCH, a little-known Belgian distance runner, seemed ahead of the pack at a Wargen, Belgium race and finished over a rain-soaked track. In just the world 3000-meter record (16:41) in 1941 it took more than a month. At Russian Albert Ivanov's five-around mark of 1:55. At the same meet TATIANA SHCHERBAKOVA, the Soviet Union world champion 5000-meter runner added 100 meters to her world record work (1:31) in 1:31 1/2 miles.

MILPORES—OFFERED ONE MILLION DOLLARS for the Toronto Maple Leafs' 16-66 (1-6-66), billy (1-6-66), and 1-6-66 (1-6-66) last night. Left Wing, Frank Mahovlich, by James D. Norris, owner of the Chicago Black Hawks. Although he made the offer as a gift from his Scottish friend, a Toronto party, Norris personally followed up with a check that, if accepted, would be the highest ever offer for any athlete.

SHUFFLED IN BASEBALL MANAGERIAL SWITCHELS—George Roberts (Texas) left his post manager of the Milwaukee Braves to manage at the Cleveland Indians. Johnny Pate, by James D. Norris, owner of the Chicago Black Hawks. Although he made the offer as a gift from his Scottish friend, a Toronto party, Norris personally followed up with a check that, if accepted, would be the highest ever offer for any athlete.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
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AS A PROOF

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

BROWN'S TEN

Sirs:

As an ardent Southwest Conference supporter, I was all set to dismiss Gwilym Brown (*Another Big Year in the Big Ten*, Oct. 1) as just another Midwest sportsman trying to prove an unprovable point. Then the scores of Nebraska-Michigan (25-13), Stanford-Michigan State (16-13) and Missouri-Minnesota (0-0) came in, and I could just see Mr. Brown winning.

Southwest fans feel that the only true measure of Big Ten-Southwest strength lies in the results when they play each other (which, regrettably, is all too seldom)—Ohio State would draw huge crowds in Dallas, Houston, Austin or Waco! One local sportswriter, after a scan of the records, states that since the Big Ten last SWC first met, the Big Ten has claimed 14 wins and the Southwest 13, with two ties. If that is overwhelming superiority—I'm confused.

GORDON GRAHAM

San Antonio

Sirs:

Why doesn't Ohio State stop beating around the bush and play someone with a national ranking? Even in their own conference they could play Michigan State every year instead of avoiding the really tough teams.

They could come down and play Texas every year and probably get sent back to their Big Ten country thoroughly thrashed. They should have to beat the six conference teams they play by more than 20 points to get on any rating sheet.

DUCK SIM

El Paso

Sirs:

The Stanford-Michigan State game not only bolstered the AAUW's position of authority, but embarrassed the Big Ten far more than Purdue's tying Washington proved its (the Big Ten's) strength. Stanford will have to hustle to be in the upper division of the Big Six, but the Spartans are second only to Ohio State in the Big Ten.

JIM OOWLEND

Seattle

LAST ATERISK

Sirs:

Well, the ill-fated New York Mets have finally lost more games than any other major-league team has before, but I don't think, in all fairness to the Mets, that it is a record. In your Aug. 13 issue it was stated that in 1916 the Philadelphia Athletics lost 117

games (*Worst Baseball Team Ever*). This was when the major leagues were playing a 134-game schedule. But let me point out that at the end of the Mets' 154th game they had lost only 116 games, one shy of the Philadelphia mark. Casey Stengel's unfortunate Mets didn't lose their 117th game until they played their 156th.

JOHN STEEPE

Geneva, N. Y.

IT WASN'T HAY

Sirs:

I thought that you might be interested in this picture (see below) of the 1,500-pound sturgeon taken from the Snake River in 1911, which Joe David Brown mentioned in his article (*The Monster Fish of American Rivers*, Sept. 17).



Even Bessie Buhl, the mare that I am holding in the picture, was astonished at the size of the beast. By the way, Bessie only weighed 750 pounds. The baby that my mother is holding seems to be much more interested in fine livestock than big fish.

Alex Grant brought in three sturgeon that hot July day. One was a couple of feet shorter than the one in the picture, the last was a baby of about 200 pounds. Weighing the fish on my father's hay scales while the whole family gathered around was an easy matter. I swear, a load of hay going to the loft never pulled as hard as that fish.



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Alex caught his fish below the Owsley Bridge in the upper Salmon Falls Rapids, just a few miles east of Hagerman, in the Snake River. He used an eel for bait, with about a seven-inch hook attached to 1/4-inch cord.

ERNE BYRNE

Santa Ana, Calif.

SERIES SECRET

Sirs:

I have read with much amusement *The Big Golf Secret* (Sept. 24) and, for what this is worth, I would like to express a few comments that the writers missed in favor of splitting the winner's money.

First, in baseball a pitcher can walk a batter intentionally. It is permitted as a matter of strategy.

Second, it's an old maxim in Wall Street, "Don't put your eggs all in one basket." Well, the golf pros have a perfect right to play it safe, too. So I see no harm but a lot of good coming out of a deal where the money is split. It is, after all, a business venture, just like other professional sports.

GEORGE F. CROSSMILLER JR.

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Let us just imagine that in the World Series (of baseball) each team has won three games. After nine innings of the seventh game, the teams are tied. The opposing managers get their heads together and agree to split the player pot evenly among all concerned. What is likely to be the reaction of those rabid baseball fans who sit at the stands (or remain glued to their television sets) to watch their favorite team fight to a spectacular victory when they learn later that the contest had been settled at the end of nine innings?

HERSCHELL LAMNEY

Indianapolis

THE OL' CANARY HIDE

Sirs:

The cover of your October 4 issue showing red, white and blue baseballs is quite interesting. In fact, it gave me an idea.

For years we have heard ballplayers complain about the sea of white shirts, as seen from the batter's box, making it difficult to see the ball and at times causing the batter to be hit by a pitched ball.

What would be wrong with a brightly colored baseball? For example, yellow, which could probably be seen better than any other color.

No need to tell me that the pitchers would not go for this idea, but I would like to know the thinking along these lines.

GEORGE SHADAY

Graham, Texas

● The yellow baseball has already made its mark in the major league game, in fact, it was enshrined in the Hall of

(Continued)

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18TH HOLE continued

Fame. The idea was first introduced in 1938 by Frederic H. Rahr, president of a New York marketing research and color consulting firm, who developed a special minus-blue yellow which, by absorbing the blue of the sky and the ground, would enable the batter—and the fans—to see the entire circumference of the ball. "The result," says Rahr, "was that the ball looked bigger to the batter and appeared to move slower. The eye could follow the ball through its complete trajectory on a high fly." With the blessing of Larry MacPhail, then vice-president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Commissioner Landis, Rahr's yellow ball was put to the test in a double-header between the St. Louis Cardinals and the Brooklyn Dodgers at Ebbets Field.

The general reaction to the experiment was favorable—except for Brooklyn Pitcher Fred Fitzsimmons. He had yellow dye up to his elbows. "Pitchers were afraid of it because there was more hitting," Rahr admits, "but there was also better fielding. Fans were delighted." Following further experiments in Chicago and St. Louis, Spalding contracted to produce yellow balls and the National League officially accepted the yellow sphere—on the condition that managers specifically requested it. They never did.—ED.

ROOKIE THREATS

THE COMMENT IN BASEBALL'S WEEK (OCT. 17): "Chicago came up with a nice new outfield . . . Danny Murphy (six straight hits), Billy Ott (his homer helped beat the Cardinals) and Nelson Mathews (his grand slam beat the Dodgers)" set me thinking. To wit:

At the end of the season, it is the penitence of major league teams, especially those out of it all, to bring up promising rookie hopefuls for a look-see. This is a great idea—for the rookies. However, I question the fairness of this practice to others concerned. It seems fair enough for the also-rans to try out rookies when playing against fellow also-rans. They are just finishing the season like the schedule says, anyhow. But is it fair for rookie hopefuls (such as Murphy, Ott and Mathews) to demolish the Dodgers, who were having a tough time trying to win the pennant anyhow, or to beat the Cardinals who, at the time a rookie's homer beat them, had a chance mathematically, if not practically, to latch on to some World Series money?

I say no. When an also-ran plays a conditioning club it should go with the players it faced with all year.

J. LOWELL HAYS

Bellefontaine, Ohio

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YESTERDAY

Bobby's Barnstorming Bust

A postseason baseball trip by a dream team of All-Star major leaguers ended in a nightmare

by JOHN M. ROSS

What killed the traditionally lucrative baseball barnstorming tour as a big moneymaker? Television, of course, did its part by making the big league players familiar in every home. But those who remember will swear that the extraordinary fate that befell the biggest tour of all was also responsible: the nightmare of Bobby Riggs' touring "All-Stars" in 1950.

Riggs, the former great tennis champion and then tennis entrepreneur, had made a handsome profit promoting the Jack Kramer-Pancho Gonzales exhibition tour the year before. He was all set to launch Gussie Moran on the pro tennis circuit in 1950, and he figured

continued



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Barnstorming Bust *continued*

there was still more money to be made in a touring major league baseball squad. He and his partner John Juchym conceived an extravaganza that would feature the National League All-Stars vs. the American League All-Stars in a 32-game traveling series.

The plan of signing all the bona fide all-stars faltered at the start, however. Ted Williams went fishing. Joe Di Maggio was tied down by television and radio commitments. Stan Musial signed but begged off because of a leg injury. Roy Campanella and Vern Stephens also had injuries that kept them from joining the tour.

But even without these headliners the promoters were able to recruit two star-studded squads of 18 men each. The National League lineup included Ralph Kiner, Ted Kluszewski, Duke Snider, Gil Hodges, Red Schoendienst, Don Newcombe, Howie Pollet, Alvin Dark and Larry Jansen, among others. The American Leaguers had standouts like Dom DiMaggio, Al Rosen, Gus Zernial, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia, Dizzy Trout, Ned Garver, Sherman Lollar and Jerry Coleman, star of the 1950 World Series, on the roster.

When the squad gathered in Montreal for the first game of the tour, the sun was shining brightly, the temperature was in the mid-70s and the advance ticket sale was brisk. By midafternoon, however, the skies darkened, and it started to rain. It was still raining when the squad chugged out of Montreal, leaving all that fine Canadian money behind.

The rain followed them to Syracuse. Happily, it cleared by dinner time and permitted the playing of the inaugural game. But the damage had been done. Only 3,200 showed up in the dampness.

The advance sale at Toronto, the next stop, was the heaviest in the history of the ball park. The rain was heavy, too, and the game was called off. After two trips to Canada, the All-Stars had nothing to show but heavy expenses and wet feet.

They finally got good weather when they arrived at Chicago for a night game at Comiskey Park. But the presence of the All-Stars was a well-kept secret. Dizzy Trout summed up the sad situation when he scanned the grandstand just before game time. "I know there's somebody up there—I can hear them," he said, "but I'll be damned if I can see them." They weren't easy to find—only

3,030 people turned out in a ballpark designed to accommodate 46,550.

In Cincinnati, too, the weather was perfect for the Saturday night game. A big harvest moon hung over Crosley Field, and a big crowd was expected. But it was also a fine night for football. Shortly after dinner there was a mass exodus from Cincinnati in the direction of a college game in neighboring Kentucky. The collegians sold out. The All-Stars drew 3,500.

Cold reception

For the Sunday afternoon game at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh there was also excellent weather, but the squad's luck ended there. Pittsburgh was in the middle of a newspaper strike, and they went into the town absolutely cold. The reception was cold, too. Exactly 2,685 wandered into the park.

"Why Kiner could attract more people than that by whistling for a cab on any Pittsburgh street corner," Duke Snider observed.

Early Wynn was more philosophical. "After watching the last-place Pirates for six months," he said, "you can't blame the Pittsburgh fans for being fed up with baseball."

As the disaster mounted, the thought of leaving two potential sell-outs in Canada unclaimed aggravated the promoters' wounds. They decided to juggle the schedule so that they could take one more shot at Toronto before heading south for the second leg of the junket. To accomplish this they had to charter an airplane.

A few hours before the departure for Toronto, however, an airline official called one of the promoters to pass along the news that the squad had no plane ride in prospect. The airline had its contract and its money—but it didn't have permission to fly into Canada. Somebody goofed, he explained.

It was too late to charter another airplane; too late to make a train connection. Determined to get back to Toronto, the promoters quickly hired two buses. The thought of making a six-hour bus trip did not sit well with the players. They were big leaguers and felt their bus days were behind them.

The long bus ride was made a bit more pleasant by a stop for a look at Niagara Falls, but this didn't stop the griping. About every 20 minutes Duke Snider would cry out, "Hey, pilot, you've got

continued



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Barnstorming Bust continued

this plane flying mighty low." It was a warm, sunny day, and it looked as if the All-Stars would finally get that payday in Canada. When they hit the outskirts of Toronto, however, everything turned black. The sun disappeared into a dense fog, and as they moved closer to the city, the visibility was reduced to almost zero. The bus slowed down to 10 mph, and the All-Stars arrived at Maple Leaf Stadium just a few minutes before game time.

The sight that greeted the players at the stadium was amazing. About 7,000 people waited patiently for the gates of the ball park to be opened. The fog was so thick it was impossible to see second base from home plate. But the local weather expert said he thought it would probably lift in an hour. The gates were opened for the crowds, and the players suited up. For the next hour and a half the troupe tried to amuse the fans while waiting for better visibility. The players handed out autographs and chatted with the fans. A detailed, time-consuming introduction of every player on the roster and a rundown of the scores of previous games was given. But the fog remained.

Clyde McCullough made a suggestion. "Tell the fans we'll try to play if they want to stay and watch. Anything hit to the outfield will be a ground-rule single."

The announcement was made. The fans could have their money back, but if enough remained the All-Stars would try to play. Six young boys stayed in their seats. The others streaked for the refund windows. It was the first time in 17 years that a game had to be canceled in Toronto because of fog.

In the South the All-Stars looked forward to warm weather and big crowds. And they counted heavily on recouping some of the staggering losses so far in Miami. The promoters there assured the troupe they'd have at least 15,000—very likely more.

But before the squad could reach Miami a hurricane got there first. The game, which had been publicized for weeks, drew 3,800.

That did it. The tour was disbanded the following day at New Orleans, with the players being paid off at a rate of 50% of their contracts. After playing 13 games, the All-Stars had drawn only 32,000 admissions. The flop cost Riggs and Achym \$66,000—but they didn't complain. They were happy to get out alive.

END

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